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DRIVEN TO BAY.

THE extremely interesting news that Mr. PARNELL has at last been goaded by the passing of the Charges and Allegations Bill into taking the preliminary steps to bring his difference with the *Times* before an ordinary tribunal of law can hardly be said to have antiquated the interest of the earlier proceedings in the House of Lords. We regard, we confess, the two things with very different feelings, though both of them are in their result satisfactory enough. It may be questionable whether the Bill should have been introduced; but Mr. PARNELL himself has supplied the best justification of that. Before a step further has been taken, before the Judges, who have been so shamefully maligned by Parnellites, have entered on their functions, Mr. PARNELL has thought it wise to bolt from the earth from which this very Bill was designed to start him, and to give at least the promise of a run in the open. On the other hand, the Bill itself, after having been opposed in both Houses with a shameless pertinacity never exemplified since the worst days of English history, has become law. But the spectacle of the degradation of, happily, a very small part of the House of Lords is not pleasing, and Lord HERSCHELL in the "character of WHARTON" is a sight not to rejoice even the most highflying Tory. It has been the boast, and the just boast, of the House of Lords that it has constantly and with almost complete indifference to party manifested the cooler judgment, the more heated the Commons have become. It has in this instance, as far as its minority is concerned, though fortunately not as far as its majority, forgotten this proud claim.

We believe that we shall have the assent even of reasonable Gladstonians, say of such men as Lord ROSEBURY (who, it is to be observed, did not speak in this debate), if we say that the speech in which Lord SALISBURY opened the matter requires little or no comment. It was for the most part strictly recapitulatory in tone, and though Lord HERSCHELL felt it necessary to "protest and repudiate," we are ourselves quite unable to discern the point of his protest and the matter of his repudiation. If the "colleagues" whom Lord HERSCHELL took under his wing were found fault with, it was only for flinging mud on the Judges; and how Lord HERSCHELL, who has been Lord Chancellor, can approve that proceeding we profess ourselves entirely unable to understand. We make bold, indeed, to say that he does not approve it, and that his semblance of doing so was only the last despairing feint of an advocate who has, and knows he has, no case; but we are quite ready to meet Lord HERSCHELL full in front on the main gist and purport of his remarkable address. It absorbed to all intents and purposes the interest of the night. Lord CARNARVON and the English and Irish Lord CHANCELLORS made good reply to him as far as mere debating goes; Lord KIMBERLEY and Lord GRANVILLE in what they said proved conclusively that they had nothing to say; Lord DERBY put very well the position in the matter of the Liberal-Unionist who is also a man of exceptional common sense. But the speech of Lord HERSCHELL was the speech of the evening, and all turned upon it. This is the best, the last, the whole, that can be said from the Opposition point of view by a speaker of eloquence, a debater of merit, a man who has enjoyed, and on the whole justly enjoyed, the repute of being at once one of the ablest and quite the most fair-minded man of his party. That party had the good sense to see that Lord GRANVILLE's little jokes, that Lord SPENCER's mild despair, were hopelessly out of the question. When Lord HERSCHELL was put up it was in effect sending in the Old Guard at once, and confessing that no less, and no more, could be done.

And what did Lord HERSCHELL do? He began, as we have said, with the orthodox salvo of artillery, the regulation protest and appeal. He went on to state the case fairly enough as one of "serious charges made against men 'who have taken an active part in political life.'" And then, without a break, with the desperate hurry of a man who feels that he must take the plunge and get it over, he proceeded to contend that *because* it was such a case it ought to be committed to a delegation from an assembly which is nothing if not political, and ought not to be committed to a body of trained judges who are nothing if not non-political. To this desperate contention, this practical contradiction in terms, Lord HERSCHELL got before he had been speaking ten minutes, and he never got further during the whole course of his speech, argumentatively speaking. In some ways, no doubt, he got much further. He protested against the novel doctrine "that any man who 'is made the object of grave accusations by an anonymous 'writer in the press is to be deemed guilty unless he 'brings an action to establish his innocence.'" This doctrine is, indeed, so novel that we have never yet met with it. What has been relied upon by Lord HERSCHELL's opponents is the much less novel and much more reasonable doctrine that certain charges brought against a public man by accusers of a certain repute, and backed by a certain strength, or *prima facie* appearance of strength, of evidence, will be popularly taken as being admitted, unless the object of them resorts to the law courts to vindicate his aspersed character and to punish his slanderers. Again, as to Lord HERSCHELL's view of the scope of the inquiry before the Commission, it is really impossible to discover what he would be at. He began by denying the analogy between the Special Commission established by the Bill and the Commission presided over by himself which has been investigating the proceedings of the Metropolitan Board of Works. This latter inquiry, he contended, differed from the former in that it "dealt with the working of a public 'body, and not with charges against individuals.'" But almost in the same breath he makes it a complaint against the Special Commission Bill that it institutes an inquiry into "the working of a public body"—to wit, the National League—instead of confining itself strictly "to charges 'against individuals.'" Still Lord HERSCHELL is not happy. What would he have? His criticisms on the constitution of the Commission were, on the whole, marked by such excellent taste and temper, and were made with such evident reluctance, that we are sure their author would be relieved if we could satisfy him that they were absolutely without weight. They are criticisms on the constitution not so much of the Commission as of human nature itself. The non-political Court which Lord HERSCHELL appears to desiderate—that is to say, the tribunal consisting of persons who have no opinion one way or the other on the greatest political issue of the day—is not to be found in the United Kingdom, certainly not in any jury-box in England, Scotland, or Ireland. Judges are politicians in the sense in which jurymen—in common with intelligent and active-minded citizens everywhere—are politicians; but the judges who have been appointed Commissioners are so in no other sense; and this is enough for any reasonable man. Lord HERSCHELL admits that they will try the case fairly, but fears that the public will not recognize their fairness. We do not share his apprehension, and, if we did, we should have to say of it that it was one which the Special Commission did not create and will not increase. But Lord HERSCHELL also went out of his way to rake up the attacks made by a gutter journal on the purely private and in no sense political actions of a member of Parliament. In the wildness of his struggles he committed himself to the statement that,

as a jury was not impartial, *ergo* it was wrong to entrust the case to judges. As Lord ASHBORNE pointed out, he slipped into the preposterous and in his case utterly self-destructive assertion, not that the tribunal ought to be impartial, but that it ought to be partial; that somebody notorious for political views in sympathy with those of Mr. PARNELL ought to be on it. He revived the idle "and others" quibble; he rode off upon "technicalities" and expense; and although, being a lawyer and a gentleman, he took care expressly to dissociate himself from the foul and reckless abuse which has been poured upon the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for performing a professional duty to his clients, he, himself an experienced Law Officer, condescended to echo the paltry and (until the Law Officers are forbidden private practice altogether) absurd suggestion that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL may not assist the Government with his counsel because Sir RICHARD WEBSTER took a retainer from the *Times*. In this summary we believe that we have touched on every important point that Lord HERSHELL raised, and we confess ourselves unable to see that so much as one point was important. But, indeed, his party avowed this by their conduct. They did not, it seems, "walk out of the House," but they did not dare divide. That is to say, they did not dare record their votes against what their spokesmen described as the decreeing of injustice by a law.

And then, immediately after the passing of the Bill became inevitable, we have this curious action of Mr. PARNELL's against the Edinburgh newsvendors. What exactly it may portend we cannot, of course, say. But it has, since the discussion on the subject began, been more than once suggested that Scotland is a kind of neutral land in this Parnellite question, and it is more than possible that Mr. PARNELL may have been advised, since he must, will he nill he, try the fortune of an inquiry, to try it in this form also. Perhaps he may think the peculiarities of Scotch law more favourable to him than those of English. Perhaps he may hope that the two inquiries may hamper each other. But, however this may be, the fact of the step not having been taken till judicial investigation of some sort was inevitable, and having been taken then, can scarcely escape or puzzle the intelligence of the most moderately intelligent observer. As long as it was possible that, by hook or by crook, by Harcourtisms or Harringtonisms, inquiry of any kind might be staved off, Mr. PARNELL took no steps at all; and as soon as it ceased to be possible he has taken such steps. It can, he may think, do him no further harm, and it may possibly do him some good, late and reluctant as his action has been. And in this the same thing has been evident which has been evident all along, and which may once more be pointed out without the slightest impropriety or prejudice to either inquiry. Mr. PARNELL may be an innocent man, or he may be a guilty man. We are not Mr. WHITBREAD or Mr. GLADSTONE to assume either fact beforehand. But, whichever he is, he is pretty certainly a man who, for whatever reason, is exceedingly anxious that his innocence or his guilt shall not be demonstrated. Otherwise he would certainly not have waited before plunging into Scotch law, which it must have been as open to him to do eighteen months or so ago as now, until an independent inquiry of another kind, before English judges, has been set on foot.

MR. GOSCHEN ON THE SESSION.

MR. GOSCHEN, with all his ability, his courage, and his knowledge, cannot perform the miracle of composing an original account of the Session; but some parts of his powerful speech at Stockton may have been novel to large sections of his audience. Only one London paper habitually contains full reports of Parliamentary debates; and, as Mr. GOSCHEN said, those journals which are compelled by want of space to condense their reports practise economy of room, as far as possible, at the expense of their adversaries. The necessity of repeating statements and arguments is not an unmitigated evil. The supporters of good government are more in want of wholesome excitement than of political information. They will have been confirmed in their sound opinions by seeing and hearing one of the most considerable statesmen of the present time. Mr. GOSCHEN occupies a unique position as the only Liberal-Unionist who has up to the present time taken office under Lord SALISBURY. His conduct has been more than justified by the great services which he has rendered to the common cause; and it is a remarkable circumstance that his present

opponents have seldom ventured to accuse him of inconsistency or of indifference to party obligations. He took office a year and a half ago, when his predecessor at the Exchequer ran, or neglected, the risk of breaking up the Government of which he was, after the PRIME MINISTER, the most important member. The undoubted disadvantage of losing the most popular orator of the party was more than counterbalanced by the substitution of a scientific financier for a clever and ambitious amateur. It is doubtful whether any other Chancellor of the Exchequer could have been discovered who would have been capable of effecting the complicated operation of reducing the interest on the National Debt. The arrangements were so skilfully made that, as Mr. GOSCHEN willingly admitted in his speech at Stockton, no opposition was offered to the measure during its passage through the House of Commons.

The fundholders who were unavoidably deprived of a portion of their income can scarcely have felt warm gratitude to the author of their misfortune; but no one ventured to question the justice of the reduction, or to dispute the obligation of a competent financier to relieve the taxpayer of an unnecessary charge. Mr. GOSCHEN called attention to the indirect results of a reduction of interest on the Debt. Much capital is thrown into the market. There are large funds to be invested in mortgages, and generally cheap money tends to develop industry and so to increase the prosperity of the country. The most practical inference which can be deduced from Mr. GOSCHEN's financial success is that Ministers should be estimated, not only according to their political professions, but with reference to their capability of serving the State. Mr. GOSCHEN might also have taken credit for his Budget, though it contained some doubtful provisions; but he is an experienced speaker as well as a master of fiscal science, and he probably judged that the record of his ingenuity in devising new taxes would not appeal strongly to the sympathies of his audience. The contributors to the Income-tax who formerly appealed to the generosity or timidity of Chancellors of the Exchequer have now become an almost helpless minority. Those among them who were present at the Stockton meeting cannot have forgotten that Mr. GOSCHEN had the courage to reduce the rate of the tax in spite of the objections which were raised on behalf of the payers of indirect taxes. For the immediate purpose of his argument it was more material to prove that the Government had carried important measures than to defend their legislation against adverse criticism. The reduction of the Three per Cents was undoubtedly a great operation, even if it had not been undoubtedly prudent. After the previous Session, as Mr. GOSCHEN reminded the Stockton meeting, the followers of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL virtually acknowledged the mistake which they had made in their factious obstruction of public business. They attempted in the present year to retrieve their error by allowing the Government free opportunity of action, prophesying at the same time that nothing would be done except in the way of Irish coercion. Mr. GOSCHEN—perhaps with some pardonable hyperbole—asserted that the Government had, in fact, done as much work as any of their predecessors had accomplished in double the time. Whether copious legislation is necessarily desirable in itself is a question which may not be decided in the same manner by thoughtful observers and by public meetings, but abundant performance is a sufficient answer to a charge of legislative impotence.

In his out-of-door speech in Wynyard Park, and again at the Stockton meeting, Mr. GOSCHEN contended vigorously against the assumption that the Unionists have lost ground since the general election. If he had gone into the details of successive contests, he might probably have shown that almost all the half-dozen defeats of Unionist candidates admit of satisfactory explanation. For instance, the Southampton election turned all but exclusively on the irrelevant issue of compensation for public-house licences. That a constituency should so easily be diverted from attention to more important matters is rather a proof of the defects of the present electoral system than an argument against the present Government. It is remarkable that no other constituency has followed the bad example of Southampton. Mr. GOSCHEN showed his knowledge of human or political nature by devoting a large portion of his speeches to the proof that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his friends are, notwithstanding their boast, not certainly on the way to a triumph. Electors like to be on the winning side, and it was therefore judicious to dwell on the recent election at Liverpool in proof that the majority is not always or neces-

sarily in the wrong. There is, as Mr. GOSCHEN said, no reason why Thanet and Liverpool should not represent as well as Southampton or Ayr "the great heart of the people." He added that he and his friends at the same time thought that they represented the head of the people. Judgment and knowledge are not less respectable than political emotion. The Durham pitmen and the agricultural labourers of North Yorkshire are perhaps shrewd enough to appreciate Mr. GOSCHEN's appeal to their good sense.

Few members of the Cabinet have as good a right as Mr. GOSCHEN to congratulate the Government and its adherents on the passing of the Local Government Bill. Some of his colleagues approved of the measure because they had long since been pledged to some legislation of the kind, or because it was certain that, if the Conservatives hung back, the Liberals would on the first opportunity have promoted some still more questionable measure. Mr. GOSCHEN, while he was still young in Parliament and in office, took a warm interest in the question of local government. As a member of Mr. GLADSTONE's first Administration he framed a Bill which was in principle identical with the Government measure of the present Session. He has now a right to take credit for the redemption of his own pledges, and for the success of the Government in carrying a great measure with comparatively little alteration. His comments on the conduct of some of the leaders of the Opposition were both humorous and true. After listening to Mr. RITCHIE's preliminary statement, they warmly applauded the principles of the Bill, dwelling especially on its democratic character, which, as they hoped, might offend the Conservatives. Their generous enthusiasm abated when it was ascertained that the Government had not lost a single supporter by their concession of supposed popular demands. Judicious Conservatives, though they might doubt the expediency of legislating on the subject, acknowledged the necessity of founding the new system on direct household suffrage. As their acquiescence in an unpalatable policy became more and more certain, the candour of the more active Liberals became rapidly less conspicuous. It was discovered that the measure was incomplete, or even unimportant, and advantage was taken of the provisions which seemed objectionable to temperance agitators. The minority which protested against the postponement of the licensing clauses was well aware that success would have been fatal to the Bill. Mr. GOSCHEN abstained from entering into the question of compensation, which, indeed, had but a casual connexion with the general objects of the Local Government Bill. He mentioned, with a complacency which may perhaps be hereafter justified by experience, the exploit of framing a new government for London, and of passing it almost without a show of opposition. It is true that in this case also the Government has accomplished something considerable.

Mr. GOSCHEN, as one of the most practical of men, confined himself strictly to the main object of his argument. To prove that the Session had not been barren was more to his purpose than to justify all the Bills which have been passed. Good measures illustrate the wisdom of a Minister, but great measures test his energy and his Parliamentary influence. An engine which can draw a heavy load of coal up a steep incline performs a difficult duty, quite irrespective of the question whether the coal is wanted in the market, or whether the rate compensates the carrying Company for the work. The Railway Rates Bill is a measure of great importance, both in itself and as a precedent, though its principle seems to many objectionable. Mr. GOSCHEN, in his examination of the legislative achievements of the Session, only remarked of the Traffic Act that it was supposed to be acceptable to the farmers. The landlords have been still more active in its support, and they will probably hereafter reap, in unexpected ways, the reward of their exertions. It was a more arduous task to vindicate the conduct of the Government in the matter of the Judicial Commission. No apologist has devised an intelligent explanation of the motive of the Government for relieving Mr. PARNELL and his associates from the consequences of their refusal to submit their case to a jury. Mr. GOSCHEN judiciously declined the task of justifying the policy of a gratuitous concession. In discussing the details of the Parliamentary contest, it was easy to show that the Government had been in the right, and that it had been successful. In this difficult matter, as in ordinary legislation and in public policy, the Unionist alliance has been strengthened during the Session; and both sections of the majority have acted in perfect harmony. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has spoken not less cordially than Mr. GOSCHEN of the

great services which Mr. BALFOUR has rendered, not to his party, but to his country. In common with all those who have access to authentic information, Mr. GOSCHEN bears testimony to the social and economic improvement which firm government has produced in Ireland. The population has, to a great extent, recovered its freedom, and not a single instance of an unjust sentence has been established by evidence.

THE CLOSE OF THE MANŒUVRES.

THE naval manœuvres are practically at an end, leaving the two sides in unexpected positions. Admiral TRYON is at Lough Swilly coaling, at a painfully slow rate out of boats, and Admiral BAIRD's fleet is in the Downs. How they came to be on opposite sides of Great Britain—or rather why they are there—is not absolutely clear to the landsman mind. Perhaps it will be all made obvious later on, and in the meantime we must be content to draw such instruction as the "civil population" is capable of acquiring for itself. One thing is equally clear and welcome. It is that HER MAJESTY's ships and vessels of war have been very well handled. Nerve and steadiness must have been required to keep up the cruises outside of Bantry Bay and Lough Swilly, under the conditions imposed, without collisions, and they have been shown. It is part of the naval officer's good fortune (he will never acknowledge that there is any such thing; but he is a confirmed grumbler) that his mimicry of war can more easily be made to resemble the real thing than the soldier's. Towards the end the likeness seems to have been found more close than was agreeable. Continual watch in an intensified form, and liability to be turned out at all hours to open fire on torpedo-boats, might easily become a strain after the first novelty wore off. But then that is just what would happen in real war, and the naval officer and sailor ought to be very pleased to have the practice in time.

What conclusions are to be drawn from it all as to the sufficiency of the British navy for its work is another and more obscure matter. It will be necessary before answering to settle several things. First of all, it will be well to learn what amount of truth there is in the reports of failures in machinery or defects of construction in ships and of mismanagement on the part of the Admiralty. At present we have what may be only a newspaper version of the stock grumbling of messrooms. The course the operations have taken does not at first look like any conceivable campaign. When Admiral BAIRD found that a part of Admiral TRYON's squadron had slipped through his fingers, he raised the blockade and proceeded to join Admiral ROWLEY on the North of Ireland. Then both together came south into the Channel, without learning what Admiral TRYON had done. By this course the defending fleet left the whole West of England and Scotland, which means all the trade route to America, unprotected. We shall not say that Admiral BAIRD judged wrongly. Admiral HORNEY has rebuked the outrecuidance of landsmen who seemed to think so in the *St. James's Gazette*, and perhaps he is right. It may be that the English Admiral judged correctly, though the luck was against him. Sir GEOFFREY even quoted the example of NELSON's first barren cruise to Alexandria as a parallel instance. He uses a great name, but still we think there is something to be said. NELSON had no port of Liverpool to cover. He had the whole Mediterranean to roam over, and no object but the French fleet to aim at. Moreover, we beg to point out that, with Commodore MARKHAM's light squadron at his disposal, Admiral BAIRD can hardly be said to have suffered from that want of frigates to which NELSON attributed his very narrow failure to catch BONEY on a wind. It seems to us hardly likely that, unless it had been all a makebelieve, Admiral TRYON's or Admiral FITZROY's squadrons would have been allowed to detach cruisers all along the coast unpursued. However, we hasten to assure all naval officers—a pugnacious race and a prompt—that we are only asking for information. Besides, it does seem well to find out before Admiral BAIRD is decided to have done wrong whether it is to be taken for granted that we shall have to deal with an enemy so near our own coast as Bantry Bay and Lough Swilly. If not, then these manœuvres must stand for an imitation of what might happen, say, in the West Indies, and in that case a British admiral might leave a great deal uncovered for the sake of what was essential. Again, it is necessary to know whether we are to take it as a fixed

thing that the blockading squadron will be the only squadron we have at sea. Is there not to be a reserve force in the Channel? If there is not, then no doubt a British admiral who found that the enemy he was watching had escaped him might feel bound to leave everything else and come back to cover London. But we, for our part, doubt very much whether Earl St. Vincent's policy, so-called, would ever be adopted unless the country was able to provide both a blockading and a reserve force. Here, however, we come to the question of questions, which is precisely whether the British fleet is strong enough to overtake the work it would have to do. On this point much will doubtless be heard for weeks to come, and there will be occasion to return to it. The manœuvres may certainly be said to have proved this much—that, if the proportion between us and our enemy is to be as the proportion between Admiral BAIRD and Admiral TRON, if our relative positions are to be as the positions of the blockading fleets and the squadrons in Bantry Bay and Lough Swilly, then it will assuredly be very difficult for us to keep the enemy shut up and off the great trade routes. But is this likely to be the case? It appears at least a defensible proposition that, as far as position is concerned, the hostile fleets were unduly favoured, and that, altogether, the theatre of the operations was made too large.

HYPNOSOPHY.

THE term hypnosophy is new, perhaps, but it looks rather neat and convenient. Hypnosophy stands to scientific discussion of the facts about sleep as theosophy stands to religion. This definition may not make hypnosophy seem a very exalted science; it is, in fact, the lore which occupies many correspondents of the *Spectator* and a writer in the *Lancet*. The *Lancet's* man regards with a sardonic smile the gambols of the amateurs in the *Spectator*. Their object is to teach mankind how to sleep, to do what QAR did in the Melanesian story when he purchased Sleep from Night, and brought it home in a box. As for procuring actual material sleep in a portable and purchasable form, the weekly hypnosophists do not attempt it. They are wise enough not to recommend chloral. That way lies madness or worse. But every hypnosophist, disdaining drugs, has his own little private dodge for smuggling himself over the frontier of the land of Nod. One correspondent recommends holding the breath, like a diver; but the *Lancet* remarks that this plan may spell asphyxia. He who tries it too conscientiously may reach the country of shadows by the old Homeric route, which passed by the region of dreams. Some whisky and water and a pipe is the nostrum of another hypnosophist (not "F. P. C."), and to this plan, as to a tempered and elegant asphyxia, there is but one serious objection. Going to sleep is one thing, and "making a night of it" is another. The whisky and pipe might be prolonged into the latter instead of the former kind of enjoyment. However, it is better to make a night of it than to make one night of it—the night which, as the epitaph on LAIS observes, no lamp can lighten. That might be the end of holding one's breath too sedulously. As for "F. P. C.," her scheme is to employ the lobe of her brain that is not thoughtful in continuing her last dream, so we may wish her dreams that are happy and come through the gate of horn.

So many hypnosophists, so many opinions. Why should not every man be his own hypnosophist? What lulls one may irritate another. The idea seems to be that sleep follows on a certain dull, regular, unexciting activity of the brain. To think of playing though a rubber of whist might excite one wooer of sleep, and might send another to a course of single dummy in the region of dreams. One wakeful spirit finds repose in deliberately playing a fancied round of golf on the St. Andrews Links. He hits off, crosses the road triumphantly (while his opponent "heels" and lands in the sea), is up to the Burn in two, lies dead in three, holes out in four, and starts on a career of visionary success that would startle Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON. By the time a man has got as far as the Heathery Hole in this exercise he has, of course, passed the Elysian Fields, and he should be wantoning in the ideal links of Slumber-town. This is as good a piece of modified or applied hypnosophy as another; but who would preach it for a truth to those that eddy round and round, like "F. P. C.," for example, who is no golfer? To think of a few "phrases" at

fencing is also serviceable, or to try to discover the exact place where, in the advance of ideas, Mr. GLADSTONE will draw the line. These be drowsy enterprises, and so is the recitation of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH's sonnet to Sleep, or any other piece of poesy. It is a pity that MÆCENAS did not leave his memoirs, for he was a hypnosophist, who disregarded expense, and "laid on" bands of distant music (like the Waits), murmuring waterfalls, sighing poplars, and many other poetic devices. Why was MÆCENAS so sleepless? Why is anybody, who is neither ill, in pain, anxious, nor consciously overworked? Who can reply? Light and air seem the best things during the day for the wakeful body—light, and air, and very gentle exercise; it is certainly impossible to improve one's relations with sleep by overtasking the body. From sleeplessness, as from undesirable love affairs, flight is the wisest policy, where flight is practicable; and the god of all others the dearest to the Muses may be won in the mountains or by the sea. The wisest hypnosophist is he who tries to think least about it; for anxiety murders sleep, and there is no chance for him who is always full of anxiety about sleeping.

EASTERN RAILWAYS.

THE completion of the railway service which unites at last Constantinople to the rest of the system of European land travel is an incident of some interest in itself, and it has not unnaturally awakened interest in other and similar undertakings. "Central Asian excursions" are talked of—though how these may suit with the peculiar system upon which Russia manages the Transcaspian line is not exactly explained. And a German newspaper has taken up the subject of the railways now building in Northern Persia in connexion, naturally enough, with the political relations of the SHAH and Russia. Nor are these things to be set aside wholly on the plea (correct, no doubt, in matter of fact) that the idle season and the season of canards and the season of quest for subjects on the part of newspapers has begun. Though it is perfectly possible, and indeed easy, to exaggerate it, there is a real connexion between these railway extensions and the course of politics. The new link between Europe and that Asia in Europe which occupies the Balkan Peninsula is no doubt as yet not in any great state of perfection. The service from Vienna to Constantinople still takes forty-eight hours to perform; the guaranteed speed is little over twenty miles an hour; the construction in places is very considerably behind that of our North-Westerns and Great Westerns; the different Powers through whose territories the line passes appear to be in two minds whether to facilitate or to obstruct the communication; there is talk of brigands; there is not any very immediate prospect of extraordinary dividends. Yet, for all this, the completion of the line which binds together the historic cities of Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Belgrade, Sofia, and Constantinople is something more than an occasion for a *train de plaisir*, flags, and a luncheon.

There is probably truth in the rumours which ascribe an agreement, or at least a resemblance, in ill-temper towards the new line both in Turkey and in Russia. The Turks, more especially since they have given up all hope of once more playing towards the Christian Powers the part indicated by the famous title of Grand Seigneur, have been mainly, and by no means strangely, bent on keeping the said Christian Powers as much at arm's-length as possible. The new railway—which will soon, no doubt, be yet still further systematized by junctions with the Salonika-Uscup and the Greek lines—is a deathblow to all hopes of keeping any part of European Turkey as a thing apart and sacred. For a time, no doubt, brigands may, as they do even in Spain, play occasional pranks; the returns of passengers may be such as would make an English manager smile with pity, and the transport of goods may be even less; but the inevitable tendency of the line will be to increase itself and all these things with it, and to let in more and more Christian, or at least Western, influence upon Constantinople and upon Turkey generally. And this, especially in the way in which it is done, is hardly more to the taste of Russia than to the taste of Turkey. A railway to Constantinople might suit Russia very well, but then it must be her railway. Now the present is not her railway at all. It takes the natural, not the non-natural, route to the Golden Horn; it starts and long runs in Austrian territory, it traverses Servia and Bulgaria, where they are

remote from Russian territory and Russian influences. It may even (for mechanical devices, like railways, have been known to do such things) suggest to the casual traveller as he passes along it what a ridiculous thing it is that Russia, a country "leagues beyond man's thought," should pretend to meddle with regions connecting themselves easily and naturally in this fashion with the civilized parts of Europe. It will sooner or later assist and bring about that natural draining and deflection of the trade and travel of the Peninsula to the neighbourhood of Salonica which Russia fears more than anything else. It is not for nothing that allusions were made, and very plausibly made, by a Bulgarian Minister to the fact that no sooner was Russian influence withdrawn from the Principality than the missing link which has been so long wanting while Russia ruled the roast was supplied.

For the time being, no doubt, the direct effect of the new line on English interests will be small, though it is to be hoped that the supineness which has of late years lost so many opportunities of improving and availing ourselves of new trade routes will in this case be shaken off. As far as politics are concerned, it is indirectly, and to the spread of Austrian and the restriction of Russian influence by its means, that England will be most indebted. And it may be added that this line gives an additional reason, small perhaps but by no means insignificant, for steadily withstanding the obtrusion of a mere Russian deputy into the Bulgarian principedom. But the interests of England in this quarter have notably lessened of late years, though they are still great. It is otherwise with the railway projects in the other great Mohammedan Empire, to which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* has drawn attention. With a haste rather usual in Continental organs of opinion, a good deal more importance is attached to the completion of the little line on the Caspian shore than it will quite bear. If it is a "step in the absorption of Persia by "Russia," it is not a very long one. That absorption, though an important matter enough, depends on quite other matters, and it is by no means certain that the occupation of even Northern Persia by the Russians would be such a two or three days' promenade as the writer tries to make out. To mention only one fact, roads in the country of CYRUS are by no means favourable to promenading, military or other, and even a railway would not make a journey from the Caspian to Teheran like a journey from Dover to London. But what the *Allgemeine Zeitung* proceeds to say about the continuation of the Indian railways on an independent Trans-Asian system across Beloochistan, Southern Persia, Mesopotamia, and Syria, to the Mediterranean is a very different matter. We have more than once ourselves urged the advantages, political and military, of such a scheme, nor is there much doubt that its commercial advantages would in proportion be even greater. It might probably in time be extended across Asia Minor to the Bosphorus, but that is a scheme of the not very immediate future. The other might be a scheme, if the right political and the right commercial persons put their heads together, of a very near future indeed. The engineering difficulties of the greater part of the route are but small, and if it were not likely to return a twenty per cent. dividend for some years to come, it could not possibly be a less satisfactory investment than the modern varieties of the Spanish Jackass Company and the Valuable-Idea-to-be-announced-the-day-after-Tomorrow Company which absorb millions every year, and which appear to be at this present time in a more lively and a more absorbent condition than they have been for years past. But it is our business to consider it from the point of view rather of the Foreign Office than of the Board of Trade; and, as we have more than once indicated before, we are disposed, from that point of view, to think it a scheme certainly beneficial, and in some conceivable cases almost vitally necessary, both to England and to India. By it, and to all appearance by it only, can the future of the trade both of England and of India with the Asiatic countries be protected from all probable danger, while it would supply the strongest possible guarantee that Russia, even if she makes good her influence in a further zone of Northern Asia, shall not be able to effect that lodgment in Southern which, considering her commercial as well as her political policy, would be a grave danger to all Western nations. No doubt there are conflicting interests which have to be reckoned with politically, and no doubt the public would rather give a private trader money for his business when he suggests that it is becoming really too profitable for him than invest in such a scheme.

But neither of these is a fatal objection; and, if there is some Englishman about with a HIRSCH-LESSEPS head on his shoulders, he might turn his attention to this new version of an old scheme.

THE RETIREMENT OF COUNT MOLTKE.

COUNT MOLTKE'S resignation has enabled him to enjoy the pleasure which Lord BROUGHAM only obtained by accident or wile. He has been told what the world thinks of him at great length and in many languages. Although the Marshal is to continue in active service in an easier position than the direction of the general staff, he has held this important post so long and has been so completely identified with it, that his retirement has the appearance of putting an end to his career. It is not easy to think of him in any other position. And yet it by no means follows that the Count's work is done. Although an old man, he is still younger than Marshal RADETZKY was when he gained the battle of Novara. It is true that the Austrian commander is a rare instance of a general who won battles at the age of ninety. There is, happily for Germany, no reason to suppose that Count MOLTKE is the less vigorous man of the two, and he has certainly led much the less arduous life. It is perhaps worth noting in these days, when the absolute necessity of youth in a general has become a commonplace, that two of the most successful commanders of the century have been men who did their great work at an age when, according to popular theory, an officer is becoming, or has become, fit only for a pension.

Count MOLTKE, who is credited on good authority with the possession of a considerable, though quiet, sense of humour, may possibly have enjoyed much of the comment made on his resignation. The undisguised joy shown by some of the French papers on learning that he had had enough of incessant office duty must have been particularly pleasing and flattering. He knows that he has done his work as an organizer, and that it can now be carried on by those whom he trained. Count MOLTKE is doubtless well aware that no instruction he has been able to give can confer his own personal qualities on another; but he must, like all rulers, take it for granted that his successors will show a reasonable degree of spirit and intelligence. It is, in the opinion of most competent judges, the great merit of Count MOLTKE that the system which he has helped to perfect is of such a nature that it can be carried on efficiently by men who would have been incapable of creating it. NAPOLEON'S armies often became thoroughly bad when he himself was absent; but it is believed that the German army has been made sound throughout by its admirable system of instruction. The French have, if this be true, little ground to be jubilant over his retirement, since the time was in any case approaching when he could no longer take the field himself. Until German officers have become incapable of understanding the sound principles he taught, Count MOLTKE will be always with them, since what he has done has been to make it certain that all ranks will receive a sound training in the science of war, and to form an army with which any general who does not flagrantly neglect the rules must needs be able to make a good fight. Still less have the French reason to be pleased if the cold and businesslike professional soldiership of MOLTKE is to be replaced by the kind of military spirit which is likely to be at least encouraged by the EMPEROR'S speech at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. The praise of admirers must in some cases appear to such a good critic and honest-minded man as Count MOLTKE little less misplaced than the jubilation of the French. He is reported to have more than once checked a tendency to boast among younger officers by reminding them that they had not stood the severest test. No man knows better than he how large a share of luck has fallen to Prussia since 1860. In all the three wars he has conducted he has had numbers and opportunity in his favour. The invasion of Denmark was a mere eviction. In 1866 the Austrians allowed him to run risks which ought to have been fatal, and their management was radically bad. In the war of 1870-71 France broke down completely from the first. On the Prussian side nothing was neglected and no precaution omitted. Overwhelming numbers were accumulated at the right places, and the enemy was crushed by sheer superiority of weight. No doubt the intelligence and foresight shown in first obtaining and then using their advantages are creditable to the German generals.

It is a very different thing from mere blundering employment of numbers. Still, it is also a very different thing from fighting against an enemy of equal efficiency and equal or superior numbers, and winning by dint of genius. If the French, without being better or even better led than they were, had been able to collect a larger force on the frontier, the invasion would almost certainly have been stopped, if not repelled. Count MOLTKE's warning was doubtless meant to remind his countrymen that they must not rely on always holding the strongest hand in the game. The wars of 1866 and 1870 have taught all Continental Governments the value of numbers, and in future all States will, at least, try to put their whole available force into the field at once. If they are fairly successful, the German army will have to win by play, and not by number of trumps. But it has been the object of Count MOLTKE from the first to teach his countrymen to use numbers with the greatest promptitude and effect. If he has attained it as completely as is commonly believed, he will have put his country in the best possible position to meet future dangers. This is a great thing to have done. It is not the work of GUSTAVUS or FRIEDRICH or WELLINGTON, and it may not have required equally great qualities of character and intellect; but it is great in its kind, and could only have been done by a man of very exceptional ability and of quite extraordinary foresight, care, and industry.

MR. BLAINE'S CAMPAIGN.

THE accident which delayed Mr. BLAINE's arrival in New York must have been provoking, but the managers were not to be disappointed of their party demonstration. A procession, estimated, according to the political predilections of the spectators, to number either twenty or thirty thousand, marched through the principal streets with a due proportion of flags and brass bands in honour of Mr. BLAINE and of the Republican cause. For Mr. BLAINE himself were reserved the harmonious sounds of steam-whistles from the craft which covered the harbour. There is no doubt that the enthusiasm, both personal and political, which was expressed on land and water was genuine and warm. The mode in which it was displayed does credit to American good sense. The peace of the city was not for a moment disturbed or threatened, and there appears to have been no attempt at such oratory as that which is periodically addressed to popular assemblages in Hyde Park. The Democrats never thought of objecting to a legitimate, if not a conclusive, proof of the strength of their adversaries. The processionists, though they were numerous, formed but a fraction of the mass of voters who will support General HARRISON at the impending election. Until that time it will remain uncertain whether the Republicans or the Democrats will carry the State. The candidate who is successful in New York will only need a few of the votes which are still doubtful to secure the triumph of his party. At the last Presidential election Mr. CLEVELAND only defeated Mr. BLAINE in the State of New York by the insignificant majority of a thousand. The best judges of such matters are wholly unable at the present moment to judge whether either party has in four years materially increased its strength. In a constituency of hundreds of thousands, the casual absentees and the invalids must outnumber Mr. CLEVELAND's former majority. On the whole, the chances are perhaps in favour of the Republican party, if it has been reinforced by any considerable secession from the Irish part of the constituency which has been accustomed to vote with the Democrats. It has not been stated whether the Irish Clubs took a prominent part in the recent procession, but Mr. PATRICK FORD is said to have assisted at the reception of Mr. BLAINE. The most conspicuous contingents apparently consisted of thorough-going Republicans, inasmuch as they were distinguished by uniforms. The fidelity of a political partisan cannot be better assured than by natural reluctance to change his favourite costume.

Competent authorities on American politics have explained the local reasons which have affected or determined the choice of candidates on either side. Every State naturally wishes to obtain, if possible, a share in the highest Federal honours; and, consequently, the leaders of each party dispose of the patronage which they exercise with careful regard to the price which may be paid by any State which has a claim to a nomination. It would be a waste of

a valuable commodity to buy the support of a State which is already certain to vote for the party. The solid South, and that portion of the North which is for the purpose approximately solid, has little chance of supplying a President or Vice-President to the Union. All the four candidates have been selected because they belong to States which are still open or doubtful. Mr. CLEVELAND has been Governor of his own State of New York; and his colleague, Mr. THURMAN, though he is not a citizen of Indiana, is supposed to have influence in that State. Mr. MORRIS, Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, belongs to New York; and his obscurity, as compared with the actual PRESIDENT, is perhaps not an unmixed disadvantage. Only one of the four nominees can claim a national reputation. The others are negatively strong in their immunity from the prejudice and hostility which, in the United States as elsewhere, attend on eminence. Foreigners, if they are judicious, will not criticize too harshly the methods which have been dictated to American politicians by the conditions of the Constitution and of the national character. The managers of a popular election are justified in looking exclusively to success in the contest. On the present occasion the Republicans have had to balance the ability and the personal influence of their chief leader against the disapprobation which has been provoked by some circumstances of his career. There is no doubt that, at the last election, Mr. CLEVELAND was preferred as the acknowledged champion of administrative purity. Mr. BLAINE, on the other hand, was reputed to be the ablest manipulator of questionable political machinery. His adherents have satisfied themselves that the objection to his elevation has not been removed, and Mr. CLEVELAND's reputation has not been seriously impaired by charges of occasional deference to the interests of his party. Accordingly, after much hesitation, Mr. BLAINE has been either compelled or induced to withdraw his claims; and General HARRISON's name has been substituted for Mr. BLAINE's on the ground that he can have incurred no ill will in a community which had probably never heard his name. As he represents nothing except the creed or the interests of his party, there seems to be no reason why it should not be unanimous in his support. Many Republicans voted in 1884 not so much for Mr. CLEVELAND as against Mr. BLAINE. No one would vote against General HARRISON, except because he prefers Mr. CLEVELAND.

The Republicans of New York have contrived with laudable ingenuity to profit by Mr. BLAINE's popularity, while at the same time they are not compromised by his alleged tolerance of corruption. It will be enough to vote for General HARRISON at the election. In the meantime the party takes measures to arouse the enthusiasm which requires some personal object. Mr. BLAINE is, in the language of his admirers, a magnetic leader. His eloquence, his energy, and his undoubted devotion to the cause of his party, supply a stimulus which would not be afforded by General HARRISON's modest pretensions. Mr. BLAINE lately idealized the doctrine of protective or prohibitive tariffs, not as a mere economic contrivance, but as an article of faith. The manufacturers and other producers who have been thinking only of their own pockets, learn with surprise that they are disinterested benefactors of their country. They consequently rally round the philanthropist and patriot who converts their practice into a principle. On this question the Republicans have the great advantage of a definite, though erroneous, creed. Mr. CLEVELAND has not ventured to pledge himself to Free-trade, though he points out the complications and inconveniences of levying a revenue which is not required for the public service. It would in the present state of American opinion have been imprudent to go further; but there is no magnetism in an ambiguous policy. The monopolists have good reason for distrusting Mr. CLEVELAND, although he may repeat some of the familiar fallacies of the more consistent Protectionists. It is doubtful whether the issue of Civil Service Reform excites as warm an interest as at the last election. Mr. CLEVELAND's administration has probably abated the zeal of those who most warmly sympathized with his efforts to give effect to the legislative reforms of late years. Abuses which have been partially corrected cease to provoke popular indignation. The Republicans, after four years of Democratic government, are no longer exclusively responsible for any objectionable practices which may still survive. The Republican secession has weakened its own influence by partially effecting its objects.

The excitement which found vent in processions and

shouts and steam-whistles may have been in large measure sincere. Mr. BLAINE may well have confirmed his hold on the Republican party by his conduct during the Chicago Convention and since his nomination. He has, indeed, been accused of playing fast and loose, in the hope that the delegates would at last return his name by acclamation; but, although it is impossible to know his motives or intentions, nothing that is known of his proceedings tends to throw a doubt on his loyalty to the party. He allowed it to be known that he would accept a unanimous nomination, and there was no reason why he should have refused such a vote of confidence. When it appeared that his condition of acceptance could not be satisfied, Mr. BLAINE peremptorily insisted on the withdrawal of his name. Next to an actual nomination he had obtained all that his party could give. The preference of an obscure competitor was in itself a tribute to Mr. BLAINE's pretensions. It would be absurd to pretend that General HARRISON was thought more competent than Mr. BLAINE for the highest office in the Union. The leader who has been for electioneering reasons set aside has nevertheless undertaken to conduct the contest or campaign. His victory will perhaps be more effective than if it had been avowedly employed in support of his own claims to election. Neither in his own party nor among Mr. CLEVELAND's supporters will Mr. BLAINE encounter any rival of equal power. Mr. CLEVELAND himself is not a professed orator, nor could he with propriety canvass the constituency while he is still President. How far the result of the struggle may depend on popular oratory it is impossible to foresee.

If the Republican candidate is elected, the second place in the Government will certainly be at the disposal of Mr. BLAINE. The Vice-President, indeed, nominally holds a higher office; but the Secretary of State is, next to the President, the chief director of national policy. Although the Ministers are not, as in England, practically independent of the head of the State, a vigorous and able politician in the department of State is likely to control a nominal superior who was himself selected on the ground of his mediocrity. It is not known whether General HARRISON has any opinion on foreign policy. Mr. BLAINE is not supposed to entertain friendly feelings to England, and his party now uses its majority in the Senate to counteract Mr. CLEVELAND's policy in the matter of the Canadian fisheries. For this reason the success of the Democratic candidate would be welcomed in England; but foreigners are fortunately not in the habit of obtruding their action or their wishes on the occasion of Presidential elections. If Republican orators profess hostility to England during the contest, it is not certain that, in the event of their triumph, the future Administration will give effect to their menaces. It may be hoped that no President or Secretary of State would repeat the proposal of a Republican Senator to pass a Bill which purports to be preparatory to the annexation of Canada by the United States. It must be remembered that, except during Mr. CLEVELAND's Presidential term, the Republicans have for many years had possession of the Government. During that time differences between the two countries arose from time to time, but every dispute has in the end been peaceably settled. The denunciations of the Fisheries Treaty which are constantly repeated are often addressed to the voters in the Presidential election rather than to the Senate. The victory of the Democrats would not for some time affect the prospects of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Convention. Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. BAYARD would after the election as before it recommend to Congress the sanction of the arrangement; but there is no immediate probability of a change in the balance of parties in the Senate. The Democratic majority in the House of Representatives is less directly concerned with foreign policy.

THE RACE TO EDINBURGH.

LORD COCKBURN, whose charming *Circuit Journeys* have just been published, thirty-four years after his death, thought it a very bad thing for Scotchmen that they should be able to travel from London to Edinburgh in a single day. He himself was a true Scot, and only wasted one week of his life in this dull metropolis of the South. He has been mercifully spared the pain of witnessing the "competitive blasphemy," as Mr. RUSKIN would phrase it, of the Great Northern and North-Western Railways to

abridge the period of transit, which had stood for some years at nine hours, by an hour or an hour and a half. There is nothing so very remarkable or in itself so very alarming about the actual rate of speed attained in the course of this rather foolish rivalry. A passenger from London to Edinburgh last Monday timed the spaces between various mile-posts with a stop-watch, and found that the number of seconds to the mile ranged from sixty-three to fifty-six and a half. But another correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. CRAKE, of Cholsey Vicarage, near Wallingford, in a very interesting letter, shows that this is nothing to what the Great Western could do forty years ago. At the time, or soon after the time, when TURNER painted his famous picture of "Rain, Steam, and Speed," on that very railway a mile was not unfrequently run by the broad gauge expresses from Paddington to Didcot in forty-eight seconds, which is equivalent to seventy-five miles an hour. It is not, therefore, the difficulty of going at the pace which has hitherto prevented the Companies from anticipating the feats of the present month. They must be charitably assumed to have felt some regard, not only for the safety of their passengers, but also for the general arrangements of traffic and the convenience of local trains. The horseman in SELDEN's *Table Talk* who asked a countryman whether it was possible to reach a particular town the same evening, received the shrewd answer, "Yes, if you don't ride too 'fast.'" The old-fashioned proverb about the relations between haste and speed did not cease to be applicable when coaches gave way to locomotives. Already a North-Western engine has broken down in the middle of the journey, and the East Coast train has played a match against the North Sea winds and not won it. Even "bogies" and "Worsdell Compounds" are subject to the laws of nature, the caprices of the weather, and the chances of delay. Plain men who cannot enter into the technicalities of railway engineering are at least capable of understanding that, if no margin is left for untoward possibilities, they cannot reckon with any confidence upon the engagements of the time-table being kept.

As there seems to be a reasonable, though not a certain, prospect of this senseless scramble being terminated by a judicious compromise, the public will not take very much interest in the apportionment of blame. The old gentleman who remarked at York, as the Flying Scotchman steamed out of the station, "Government ought to interfere to stop this sort of thing," roughly represented average opinion as well as general ignorance. The Board of Trade has no control over the speed of trains, and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH would only be snubbed if he attempted to interfere. We wait in this land of freedom until an "accident" has happened, and then we allow the Government to make an official inquiry which binds nobody and leads to nothing. The Railway and Canal Traffic Act, which has just been passed, does not apply to passengers, who must still take care of themselves, with the posthumous assistance of a Coroner's jury. But the directors of railways may keep up the strife of quickness as merrily as they maintain the battle of fares, and probably with the same result to their shareholders. In the one case the public undoubtedly gain by what Lord COLERIDGE calls the "selfishness of trade." In the other the evidence proves that, on the whole, they lose. For, even if we suppose that the extra hour or so saved between London and Edinburgh is not counterbalanced by the increased uncertainty as to the time of arrival—and we only admit the supposition for the sake of the argument—the people who make these long journeys are comparatively few. It may be very satisfactory to travel four hundred miles with only three stoppages. But it is exceedingly disagreeable, when you want to go as rapidly as possible from one country town to another, that you should be shunted at every junction, and compelled to wait while a half-empty express dashes past you at a pace which will make Lord COLVILLE or Sir RICHARD MOON jealous. The fact is that, though the maximum of express speed between great centres of industry rises higher and higher, a journey across country by rail becomes more and more tedious. Railways were constructed under statutory authority, and have been secured by Parliament in the possession of valuable rights for the benefit of the whole public, and not in the interest of the strictly limited class of persons who are bent upon rushing as fast as they can from one end of Great Britain to the other. Some consideration also is due to drivers and stokers, upon whom this breakneck steeplechasing presses with undue severity.

EXCLUSIVE DEALING.

IT looks like a stroke of what a pious humorist has called the "irony of Providence" that the task of deciding the Tea-Conference case in the first instance fell not to a plain, commonplace, mind-his-own-business judge like Mr. Justice DAY or Mr. Justice SMITH, but to Lord COLERIDGE. For the Tea Conference was on its trial for exclusive dealing at least as heinous as the hypothetical proceedings of alleged Primrose Dames, which cannot be distinguished from the Nationalist practice of boycotting by the subtle mind of that master of fine distinctions who made Lord COLERIDGE many things from Solicitor-General to Lord Chief Justice of England. That the Conference had succeeded in attracting to itself profits which would otherwise have gone to its rivals was established beyond dispute. The question was whether the combination by which this result was effected was a legitimate trade device or an actionable tort.

The "Conference" consisted of all the shipowners and ship-owning Companies trading as carriers of merchandise at the ports of Shanghai and Hankow, with the exception of the plaintiffs, the Mogul Steamship Company. The latter Company had themselves at one time been members of the "Conference," but in consequence of disputes between them and the other members had left it. The position of affairs was then this. The Conference ships, or some of them, maintained regular services to and from the ports in question throughout the year. For the most part, freights being low, they did not find the business as profitable as they desired. Their opportunity came when the year's harvest of tea had to be exported. They took advantage of it by agreeing among themselves that they should uniformly charge for the carriage of tea freights, of which they jointly determined the amount. The tea had to be carried, and to be carried without delay; and as long as every available shipowner was a member of the Conference the merchants had no choice but to pay the freights demanded. Then appeared the Mogul Company, and offered to carry tea at lower rates of freight. The Conference thus found themselves in danger of being ousted from the most profitable part of their carrying trade. They, therefore, took counsel with themselves, and offered to all merchants who should ship their tea exclusively in Conference ships a rebate of 5 per cent. on the freights of all goods which they might ship in Conference ships all the year round. This advantage was sufficient to induce the merchants to pay for the carriage of their tea the higher freight of the Conference ships, and the Mogul Company was left out in the cold. The latter, therefore, sued the members of the Conference for damages on the general principle of law that for more persons than one to combine, in order to inflict loss on a third party, to do what one of them alone, or all of them independently, might lawfully do, is to be guilty of a conspiracy indictable or actionable or both. The action was tried before Lord COLERIDGE, and he decided, after "much trouble and much doubt," that there was no unlawful conspiracy, but a legitimate trade combination.

It has thus happened that a corner in tea-carrying has been solemnly adjudged by a Judge of first instance to be lawful, and it is probable that the more enthusiastic sort of Home Ruler will jump to the conclusion that the operations known in Ireland as boycotting are also to some extent lawful. It is, therefore, worth while, assuming that the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords will take the same view of the matter as Lord COLERIDGE, to point out the grave difference of principle between boycotting properly and boycotting loosely so called. The action of the Tea Conference was closely analogous to that of a grocer who announces that every housekeeper who gets all her tea from him will find a two-shilling piece in every twentieth half-pound packet. The only difference is that the offer of a rebate was not made by one shipowner with regard to his own ships, but by several with regard to the ships of all of them. But no threat was offered to anybody. Nobody was told that, if he sent tea in the Mogul Company's ships, an injury would be done to him. No doubt a trader does not distinguish in his ledger between a profit that he might have and does not and a loss, but the difference is none the less real. The reason why the village grocer in Ireland refuses to sell tea to a boycotted farmer is not merely that, if he does, he will have to pay more to the butcher and the baker, nor is it merely that the butcher and the baker will pay less—*videlicet*, nothing at all—to him, though the latter is part of it. His reason is that, if he does, his windows will be broken, his stock will be

damaged, his horse will be hamstrung, his children will be pelted at the school, his wife will be hooted at chapel, he himself will go in fear of his life; and if, as is far from impossible, somebody should at last succeed in shooting him from behind, he will be left to bleed to death on the road, and his corpse will be made the occasion of ferocious triumph by his murderers. Now all these things are positive evils with which he is threatened. They differ considerably from the mere negative loss, however large in amount, of a commercial advantage. The one thing is boycotting; the other is exclusive dealing.

While no one can have any difficulty or any doubt in deciding the question whether an agreement to boycott is an unlawful conspiracy or otherwise, it must be admitted that the problem which Lord COLERIDGE had to decide was one of great delicacy. Of course, if all the Conference ships had belonged to one man, no question would have arisen. He would have had a perfect right to say, "Let me carry all your tea at my own rate of freight, and I will give you a rebate of 5 per cent. upon all freights I earn from you all the year round for carrying tea or anything else." The wrongfulness alleged against the defendants was that they made this offer jointly and with reference to the ships of all of them. There is no doubt that the general principle that you may not combine to do in order to injure another what you may do severally in order to benefit yourselves, is a sound principle. Every man has a right to walk along the Strand on either side of the road on any day he pleases. But suppose a man agreed with a million other men that they should all walk along the same side of the Strand on the same day, in order that no one should be able to resort on that day to a particular restaurant, and that the trade of the proprietor should be injured thereby, he and they would have committed a misdemeanour and also a tort. The problem Lord COLERIDGE had to solve was, without infringing the rule as to combination for the purpose of injury which is a necessary part of the law, to show that the Tea Conference had not committed a wrong. The solution lies in the difference between injuring somebody else and benefiting yourself. Its great difficulty is caused by the fact that in commercial competition injuring your rival and benefiting yourself are practically the same thing. Where there is a limited amount of tea to be carried, and more parties than one, each of whom would like to carry it all, every chest of tea carried by one of them is either a benefit to himself or an injury to the others, according to which way you look at it. Lord COLERIDGE's view was that the Conference transaction, contemplated impartially from without, ought to be considered, not as a combination for the purpose of injuring the Mogul Company, but as a combination for the purpose of benefiting the members of the Conference by enabling them to compete hopefully against the lower freights which that Company offered. It may be respectfully observed that this conclusion seems to be in accordance with good sense. The real object of the Conference was to make their own trade profitable. If they succeeded in that, it was nothing to them whether the Mogul Company prospered or not. In fact, they wanted it not to prosper; but that was a secondary wish, corollary to their principal wish that they themselves should do a profitable business. The real test, therefore, in such cases is whether the aggrieved party can show that the injury to him, rather than the benefit to the persons combining, is the primary object of the combination. The rule is satisfactory; but its application to particular commercial cases may always be a matter of delicate adjustment.

THE SACRED PRINCIPLES OF UNSECTARIANISM.

THE chief representative of the outcry about the inclusion of Keble College in the recently passed Mortmain Act very honestly grants that Lord BEAUCHAMP's defence of his proceeding is "ingenious and plausible." That in an enemy's mouth may be taken as equal to an admission of unusual cogency in the reply. But Lord BEAUCHAMP naturally could not in a short letter to the *Daily News* either answer or anticipate all cavils. It is, for instance, surprising that any one should talk of "beating the House of Commons by a majority of eleven peers against seven." Peers' amendments do not become law without the Commons' assent, and if the Commons care so little about the matter as to give it, it is to them that remonstrance should be addressed. But it is the more general argument against the investment of what the sects

are pleased to call "sectarian colleges" with privileges in regard to mortmain that is most interesting. "As Keble," says the *Daily News*, "is open only to members of one religious body—namely, the Church of England, it ought to be no part of a National University, and Parliament ought to grant it no legal privileges." We make a present to the writer of the fair enough verbal retort as to an institution which ought not to be national because it is open to the Church of the nation. But the argument, and the subsequent assertion that the Legislature recognized it some fifteen years ago, contain, no doubt unconsciously, one historical misstatement and one serious confusion of terms. What was recognized rightly or wrongly (we think wrongly, but no matter) fifteen years ago by a majority in, and no doubt also out, of Parliament was that enjoyment of a very considerable body of endowments was, or was asserted to be, barred or hampered to considerable numbers of Englishmen without any certainty that the bestowers of those endowments would in the changed circumstances have wished them to be debarred from it. The endowments of Keble and Hertford are exposed to no such objection, though Nonconformists have shown a very frank desire to seize them in the teeth of the living givers, whose intentions are undoubted. Secondly, a University is not a College, and a College is not a University. The enjoyment of all University privileges in the "national University" (we should like to see the charter or Act which made it "national") of Oxford is no more closed to Nonconformists because they cannot grab the endowments of two Colleges out of a round score than it is closed to a scholar of Balliol because he cannot at the same time be a Demy of Magdalen. Let us clear our minds of this cant also, and confess that all this outcry is simply due to the singular desire of certain persons to go where they are not wanted, and get what was not meant for them, precisely because they are not wanted in the place, and have no title to the profit.

THE ITALIANS AT MASSOWAH.

IT is always allowable to triumph over a friend by reminding him that we told him so. Therefore we have no scruple in reminding the Italians of our foresight. They were warned when they occupied Massowah to be prepared for little wars and large expenses. Apparently they did not believe the warning or thought the game worth the candle. Now they have begun to accumulate experience. The affair at Uaa has come to enforce the lesson taught at Dogali. It would be rash to assume that we know all about the last incident. Not one of the Italian officers present has escaped, and reports have to be gathered from runaways or from hearsay evidence—both very untrustworthy authorities. Still it is very clear that a body of irregulars in Italian pay, led by Italian officers, has tried conclusions with a native force, and has got the worst of it. From the telegrams of the Italian Commander-in-Chief it appears that a body of four hundred Bashi-Bazouks, led by five Italian officers, attacked one DEBEB, who appears to be the local OSMAN DIGNA at Uaa. According to the first story, DEBEB was not in superior force to his assailants, but was entrenched in a village with a species of fort. The Italian officer thought it necessary to call up reinforcements consisting of the fighting-men of the Assaortins, a friendly tribe. These last were said to have turned against the foreigners in the fight. This is now denied; but, whether the story be true or not, it is beyond question that the assailants were routed. Four of the five Italian officers were killed, and the fifth is a prisoner. Hardly half of the Bashi-Bazouks got back to head-quarters. DEBEB remains master of the situation.

Now we are afraid that this story does not look well for the success of the Italian occupation of Massowah, whichever version of it is true. Indeed, if the Assaortins were loyal, it is only so much the worse for the Italians. In the latter case it appears that, even with the superiority of numbers, they are not a match for their enemies. It is true that their rank and file were Turks or natives, but our own experience in India shows that a European Power which has committed itself to permanent hostilities with barbarians must not only be able to beat them at long odds with its own troops, but must know how to teach soldiers of the native race to win against a great superiority of numbers also. Apparently the Italians have not succeeded in

doing this as yet. The defeat at Dogali, though intelligible enough, hardly shows that they possess all the necessary superiority in fighting power over the Abyssinians, even when their force consists entirely of Italians. That action may, as a matter of detail, be recommended to the attention of those who think that the possession of scientific weapons is by itself enough to give victory to the party which possesses them. The Italians had breechloaders and machine-guns, and yet they were finally broken by a cavalry charge of men who had no firearms at all. In truth, what wins in the long run in war is stomach for the fight, and of that the Italian troops do not seem to possess enough, or it is not of the right kind. If this is indeed the case, their occupation of Massowah is likely to turn out very little to their advantage. A European Power which cannot form an efficient Sepoy force, and cannot, even when employing its own troops, win except with some approach to equality of numbers, will find such an adventure as the occupation of Massowah enormously expensive and will gain nothing by it. No doubt the Italians can crush DEBEB or the NEGUS himself; but, if large armies are to be used, they will find that they have paid in mere money a very heavy price for the fee simple of their new possession. On the diplomatic side the Italians have not been conspicuously more successful than on the military. Signor CRISPI's very rude note to the Powers has drawn an answer from M. GOBLET which in form and argument is a severe rebuke to the Italian Premier. Nothing can be more convincing in reasoning, or indeed more creditable in tone, than the reply of the Quai d'Orsay. M. GOBLET shows that Italy has neglected to discharge the most common duties imposed by the comity of nations. She occupied Massowah without annexing it, and then annexed it without giving the usual notification. Italy, after tacitly recognizing that Massowah belonged to Egypt by allowing the KHEDIVI's flag to fly with her own for six months, suddenly denied what it had acknowledged, and insisted that the capitulations should be considered as non-existent. This was not the polite course to take, to say no more of it. No doubt the dispute is one in which one party is right in the form and the other in the substance. Unless France had intended to put herself in a position which would enable her to annoy Italy, she would not have taken over the protectorate of the Greeks at Massowah. But then it would have been so easy for Signor CRISPI to be right both in form and substance. He had only to fulfil the common forms, and then if France had made trouble, he could have plausibly accused her of provocative and unfriendly conduct. Dogali, Uaa, and the easy victory given to M. GOBLET are, we are afraid, signs of at least a certain want of experience on the part of the Italians in the work they have undertaken. No country has more reason to hope that this may be their only defect, and that it may soon be made good, than England. In the general race for the not very desirable unoccupied remnant of the earth's surface, there is no runner we can so well afford to see win as Italy. Her interests do not clash with ours anywhere. In many places, notably in the Mediterranean, they are at one with ours. It is, therefore, to our good that she should succeed; and not least can we afford to see her win on the shores of that narrow sea of which we hold both the ends.

MR. PARNELL AND HIS BACKERS.

IT is surely a fact of most damaging import that Lord HERSCHELL's halting and hesitating speech should have been hailed by common consent of the Gladstonians as the ablest contribution made to their client's defence. Perhaps it may be so, or perhaps at least it may be the ablest that could be made in conformity with strict controversial honesty; but if so, what a brief and what a cause! Mr. PARNELL's backers in this particular quarrel are indeed to be pitied if this is the best they can do; and apparently, even when they gain advantages on collateral issues, they have not confidence enough in their client to push those advantages. For instance, although the branch dispute between Mr. PARNELL and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with regard to the National Councils scheme and the renewal of the Crimes Act in 1885 is not eminently relevant to the question before the Special Commission, a victory for Mr. PARNELL might be of some moral service to him. Yet his backers clearly do not see their way to claiming it for him, although Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has undoubtedly tripped. It

is pretty clear, that is to say, that, from some cause or other, he over-estimated the weight of the documentary evidence producible by him in support of his own account of his dealings with Mr. PARNELL. The sketch which he has produced of the National Council scheme is signed, not by Mr. PARNELL, but by Mr. O'SHEA; his account of the "amended Crimes Act," to which he declares that Mr. PARNELL was willing to assent, is merely attested by a copy of the Act itself, in which certain clauses have been struck out by an unknown hand, and which, again, was received from Mr. O'SHEA, and not directly from Mr. PARNELL himself. But the rejoicings with which this failure of evidence has been greeted in the Gladstonian camp are as the rejoicings of the friends, not of a prisoner who has left the Court with a testimonial from the judge to his stainless character, but of one who has escaped by a flaw in the indictment. In this case Mr. SIKES's friends do not, we know, congratulate him on his innocence. They content themselves, or did content themselves in the old days of criminal pleading, with exulting over the fact that the Crown prosecutor had omitted to state the value of the lethal weapon with which the fatal blow had been struck. Similarly the backers of Mr. PARNELL are most reluctant to aver that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's account of matters is not substantially accurate, though the documents in his possession fail to demonstrate its accuracy. They hesitate to affirm in so many words that Mr. PARNELL was *not* the author of the scheme which bears Mr. O'SHEA's signature, or that he did *not* give Mr. O'SHEA the amended Crimes Act as representing the form in which he was willing to agree to the re-enactment of that statute, "with just enough show of opposition in the House of Commons to satisfy those concerned." In other words, they do not venture to maintain that Mr. PARNELL has told the truth; they merely manifest their delight at the discovery that he cannot be convicted of falsehood. Never surely was there so much joy in reputedly respectable quarters over a verdict of "Not Proven" before.

THE END OF PERPETUAL PENSIONS.

THE Treasury Minute on Perpetual Pensions will satisfy every one, with the exception perhaps of Mr. BRADLAUGH and the other members of the Select Committee of last year who were hot for inflicting tardy retribution upon the persons who are wicked enough to be hereditary pensioners. Although that Committee included a certain number of staid and unventuresome gentlemen who might have been supposed to look with distrust, to say the least, upon a policy of repudiation, its Report was a very ferocious document. The Committee thought that two hundred years after date was not at all too late for a reviewal of the circumstances under which the few remaining perpetual pensions were granted. They thirsted for an exhaustive examination into the services to the State of which these allowances were the reward, and for the exemplary punishment of the representatives of the grantees where those services were found to have been inadequate. That punishment was to have taken the shape either of the absolute abolition of the pension or of its commutation at a very small number of years' purchase. In any case, Mr. BRADLAUGH opined that twenty-seven years' purchase, the basis upon which the pensions of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH and of the representatives of WILLIAM PENN were commuted, was far too much. Other recommendations were more reasonable, and savoured less of confiscation. Of such was the suggestion that offices with salaries, but without duties, or with duties that are merely nominal, should be abolished upon the death of the present incumbents. The principle that pensions should not in future be granted in perpetuity had already been recognized and acted upon. This is the third time within fifty years that a Select Committee has sat upon the pension-list. The policy of repudiation was mooted even in 1838; but the Committee of that year would have none of it, and reported, instead, that "the economical benefit to be derived from the reduction of a few questionable pensions would be but an imperfect compensation for the evil effects of disturbing those important principles upon which are founded the permanence and security of all property." During the latter part of the half-century which has passed since these words were written we have grown accustomed to the breaking of the public faith in matters much more far-reaching and Imperial than this.

As it is, however, the severest Radical economist can have little cause to quarrel with the decision of the FIRST LORD and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. A dignified rebuke has been administered to the suggesters of repudiation; and the Treasury Minute lays it down, with a decision which will shock Mr. BRADLAUGH, that the State must abide by its contracts, even when those contracts were entered into two hundred years ago. Either the pensions must go on "for ever" in the language of the Patents creating them, or they must be bought up on fair and reasonable terms. That twenty-seven years' purchase is fair and reasonable cannot be doubted. It is a term which is just without being generous, and it will be acceptable both to the nation and to the pensioners. At three per cent.—if it be still possible to obtain a clear three per cent. for invested funds—the commutation-money will produce somewhat less than the amount of the allowances which have hitherto been received; but the pensioners will probably prefer to suffer a small diminution of income to running the risk of repudiation at the hands of some over-righteous Government in the future. And the Treasury will effect the substantial saving of 19 per cent. by the transaction, since the interest upon the capital sum of 324,000*l.*, which will be required to pay off the 12,000*l.* a year at present expended in hereditary pensions and allowances, will not exceed 9,720*l.* The principle of granting pensions "for ever" is wholly bad, perhaps; but a good many people will probably be very much surprised to find that the annual charge about which there has been so much pother is so exceedingly small. The public faith is precious whether the sum concerned be a penny or a pound; but it would have been a peculiarly shameful thing had that faith been broken as a means of getting rid of a burden which, after all, was not crushing. At the same time there is no particular reason to regret the extinction of hereditary pensioners. There is a romantic savour about a few of the pensions—such as that granted to the PENDERELS for their part in the amazing adventures of CHARLES II. after the "crowning mercy" at Worcester—and there is the respectability of antiquity about most of them; but the origin of nine-tenths of them was purely sordid. The Report of last year stated, and the Treasury Minute repeats the assertion, that there are only sixteen perpetual pensioners left. This is a mistake born of cursory investigation. The number is nearer thirty; which is a proof that the average amount of each pension is much smaller than has been supposed. The fact is, that several of the hereditary allowances embraced by the Minute are not charged upon the Treasury, and are not paid by any public department. The administration of the property from which these pensions are paid being in private hands, the details are not easily come by; and hence the Treasury, while making an accurate return of the annual total of the annuities, has underestimated the number of persons by whom they are received. By the end of the year perpetual pensioners will be as extinct as mayors of the palace; substantial justice will have been done all round; and the professional agitators will have one grievance the less to gnash their teeth over.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

LORD HERSCHELL'S anxiety to establish a fundamental distinction in character between the Commission over which he has so ably presided and that which is to commence its inquiry in October under the presidency of Sir JAMES HANNEN is intelligible enough. The analogy, if it could be made out, would be a somewhat ominous one for the Gladstonians; but it is no concern of ours, at least in this place, to elaborate it. We will only say here that, if the Special Commission appointed under the Members of Parliament (Charges and Allegations) Act proves, as it ought to prove, with its large powers no worse an instrument for eliciting the truth than was the body which has just concluded its labours, we shall all have good reason to be satisfied. It is certainly the fact that, when Lord HERSCHELL'S Commission commenced its sittings, few even of those who entertained the worst opinion of the purity of metropolitan administration could have anticipated such disclosures as were actually forthcoming. The corruption brought to light by the investigation was not indeed more extensive than was expected, and may even have been less so than some people believed; but in the quarters to which it was actually traced home, it was at

once more systematic and more audacious than it had ever entered the public mind to imagine. The only wonder is that such a *secret de Polichinelle* as the levying of blackmail by certain officers of the Board must have been for years past to such a considerable number of people should have been so long kept from the knowledge, we will not say of the members of the Board themselves, but of persons whose duty, and even interest, it would have been to reveal the facts to the world.

Two months will, it is said, elapse before the Report of the Commission will be made public, and we have no desire to speculate on the general judgment which the Commission may pronounce on the Board as a whole. The popular interest in their sentence, moreover, is much diminished by the fact that it will be pronounced over an already defunct, or virtually defunct, body. To the politician and legislator, however, the lesson which, even in its mildest form, it must convey will be well worth laying to heart. It is a warning to them not to rely wholly upon the mere numbers and diffused respectability of an administrative body as providing an absolute security against malpractices of the worst sort occurring under its rule. Whether the new County Councils will consist of men of a higher stamp than the Metropolitan Board of Works remains to be seen; much will depend in that matter on the part which the existing administrators of county government are willing or are permitted to play under the new system. But we may take it as pretty certain that they will none of them have a more respectable, and few of them a more industrious, Chairman than had the late Metropolitan Board. But Lord MAGHERAMORNE's examination before the Commission afforded a curious and startling illustration of the ignorance in which the most upright and zealous of chiefs may be kept of the subterranean workings of the organization over which he presides. *Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus.* Lord MAGHERAMORNE, as he told the Commission, had seldom or never missed a meeting of the Board, and his evidence shows that he was, in truth, most assiduous in his attention to all its affairs—except those which were studiously kept from his knowledge. He complained, it will be remembered, that the public had exaggerated the amount of iniquity which had been brought to light, and that an unnecessary outcry had been made about the detection of “one or two rogues” out of a large staff. It was pointed out at the time, however, that the practical question for the public was as to the number, not of rogues, but of rogueries; and that a comparatively few blackmailers may “hope, by industry and attention,” as the trade circulars say, to their nefarious business, to make as much money at the expense of the public and to inflict as much discredit on the service with which they are connected as would be possible to a much larger number of less energetic knaves. There was certainly quite enough corruption going on among certain of the officers of the Board to make it very desirable that its Chairman should have managed to detect and extirpate it. But neither individual zeal and high character nor even numbers and respectability afford any absolutely trustworthy guarantee against the invasion of this worst of administrative abuses. As to numbers alone, this, the most highly rated, is in reality the most illusory, protection. Every member of any considerable administrative body, from a Club Committee upwards, knows how irresistible is the tendency of all the real details of business to devolve upon some half-dozen, or sometimes two or three, members, who become to all intents and purposes as exclusive masters of its secrets as though they had no colleagues in existence.

EDUCATION REPORTS.

THE friends of elementary education who are recommended to read the “Summary of the Final Report” as an alternative to wading through a ponderous Blue-book will, in the majority of cases, better the advice. They will either take it all for granted or read the newspaper summaries of the Summary. We do not know that they could fairly be said to be wrong if they took this course. If a man once goes beyond the newspapers, the amount of printed matter, we will not say literature, which he will be constrained to read on the subject is vast indeed. There is not only the enormous Report of the English Royal Commission and the Minority Reports, but a very sufficient day's

work might be made out of the first, second, and third Reports of the “Committee appointed to Inquire into certain Questions relating to Education in Scotland.” A comparison between the two sets of Reports would be instructive. That any considerable number of persons will profit by the opportunity is not probable. The task is much too heavy for this season of the year. The general public is apt to treat Education Reports much as the House of Commons, according to the plaintive observation of the Royal Commission, treats the draft of proposed alterations in the Code. It passes them *sub silentio*. On the whole, it takes the wisest course. Since the country has made its mind up to spend the money, it saves itself a great deal of trouble by abstaining from all attempts to understand how the yearly grant for education has risen in little over fifty years from 20,000*l.* to, when fees are deducted, 4,626,953*l.*

There are certainly some points of difference between the English and the Scotch Reports which illustrate the different conditions under which the business of teaching is done in the two countries. The Scotch Committee recommends that the State should take in hand some, if not all, of the secondary schools. In England the public schools, grammar schools, and private schools are able without any Government assistance to do their work. The English Commission appointed in 1836 has confined itself entirely to the elementary schools, and has found the subject amply sufficient. The supply of teachers, the merits of the system of payment by results, and the rivalry of Board with denominational schools, have been enough to employ them during their ninety-five sittings. It was already known that the question of religious instruction had received much of the Commission's attention. It received so much, indeed, that it was mainly on this point that the majority and minority differed. The majority of the members of the Commission argue with great force that since parents have shown that they prefer that their children should receive some religious instruction at the Board schools, it is reasonable that the teaching should be made compulsory. They point out that, whereas religious teaching is optional, there are only seven cases in England and fifty in Wales in which the Boards have decided not to give it. This would seem to show that, in England at least, the parents are not afraid that the purity of their children's religious principles will be hurt by the teaching of the Board schools. Dr. FITCH is properly anxious that parents should not be allowed to make the first hour of religious teaching an excuse for sending their children late to school. He agrees with the sergeant who declared that, if atheism was received as an excuse for shirking service, the whole regiment would be atheists, and thinks that “a great many indifferent and careless parents” would make their consciences an excuse for sending their children to school at ten instead of nine o'clock. The minority, again, are of opinion that general resistance would be offered to compulsory religious teaching in the Board schools. In face of the fact that only seven Boards have thought right to omit it, this opinion hardly seems to be founded on the evidence. But no doubt the great increase of denominational schools is a proof that many parents do prefer to send their children where they can be taught according to their own religious principles. For our part we see no reason why this wish should receive any check. Denominational schools are cheaper to the State than Board schools, and indeed in every way, and even after Mr. GOSCHEN's economies, there does not seem to be any obvious reason why a yearly national outlay of four millions and a half for education should be still further increased. The minority do not say so in so many words, but there is pretty obviously a tacit conviction in their minds that more and more subjects ought to be taught (always excepting religion), and taught at the expense of the ratepayers. It is almost useless to argue against an enthusiasm of this nature; but anybody who has even a limited experience of what elementary education means, and who is neither a partisan nor an official, knows very well that a modest familiarity with the three R's is as much as the vast majority of school children have strength enough to carry away with them. There is really no reason to complain that the standard of educational efficiency is kept down “out of tenderness to the want of means of voluntary schools, and that a lower standard is applied to them “avowedly in the matter of school buildings and furniture, “and also to some extent in the estimates of the results of “examination.” This statement is denied by some of the

Inspectors. If it were absolutely true, we should hear it without emotion. The Board schools are quite sufficiently disposed to lavish money on bricks and mortar and to foster cramming. It is a very good thing if they are kept in check by the voluntary schools. As for the evils which the minority of the Commissioners seem to fear may come from a too great tenderness towards voluntary schools, we hold them very cheap. No one who has had occasion to judge the rival schools by their results—that is, to compare the relative intelligence, honesty, and manners of Board or voluntary school children (particularly from Church of England schools)—has had occasion to decide in favour of the first. Perhaps, after all, as good a test of the worth of a school as any other is its capacity to train children to come up to that standard which is described in words the minority do not possibly altogether approve, as “doing your duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call you.”

MR. GLADSTONE'S WEXFORD PUPILS.

I SHALL never speak of any breach of the law as other—“wise than a public evil; but.” And then follows Mr. GLADSTONE's customary conclusion, that the responsibility for this public evil rests not with the law-breakers—it never does when the law is broken in Ireland by a Nationalist agitator or his dupes—but with something which or somebody who ought, in the eminent Anarchist's opinion, to have been other than it was, or to have acted otherwise than he did. The sentence partly quoted above represents the latest form into which Mr. GLADSTONE has cast that too familiar proposition of his in a letter to the Provost of Dalkeith, the particular occasion which called it forth being the holding of a meeting of Mr. GLADSTONE's constituents to protest against the imprisonment of Mr. DILLON. Another of those incidents which Mr. GLADSTONE “will never describe as otherwise than a public evil” has occurred since his letter was written, and doubtless he will see in it another addition to the responsibility of the Government and Parliament of 1886, by whose “gross misconduct” Mr. DILLON was “driven to break the law.” It was doubtless owing to their obstinate refusal to make any provision for the undoubted incapacity of the Irish tenants to pay their rents (rents, be it remembered, for which the writer of the letter had solemnly made himself and the previous Parliament responsible to the Irish landlords) that the tenant who was evicted last Thursday on Mr. BYRNE's estate at Burkestown, in Wexford, was “driven” to barricade his house, to dig five-feet trenches round it, to throw up twenty-feet earthworks in front of it, and to fling hot and cold water, tar, and rotten eggs at the police who were assisting the sheriff. Doubtless, too, it was under the same exculpatory moral compulsion, with the same excuse recognized as ample and sufficient by a man who has three times been at the head of the Imperial Executive, that JAMES SOMERS prolonged the desperate resistance so far as to render necessary a charge of twenty men with fixed bayonets to dislodge him and his comrades, and that even then they continued to defend the position with poles and iron bars. And, if policemen have been beaten, bruised, and knocked senseless by these ruffians, no doubt that only serves them right for having placed their services at the disposal of “the true authors” of the public evil of law-breaking, on the mere pretext that these persons happen to be the constituted and recognized authorities of the country.

Mr. GLADSTONE's countrymen, or those among them who have not declared war with him against civilization, will be at no loss as to the quarter in which to fix the ultimate responsibility for these scenes. But there are persons proximately and prominently responsible who ought not to be lost sight of either. We assume that the proceedings of Mr. J. REDMOND, Mr. W. REDMOND, Mr. WALSH, and Canon DOYLE have not escaped the attention of the Irish Executive. “While,” says the *Daily News* reporter, “the excitement of the struggle was at its height,” the two Messrs. REDMOND and Mr. WALSH rushed into the yard, and Mr. WILLIAM, always the more heroic of the two—especially where other people's skins are concerned—called out to the inmates of the house, “Well done, my gallant countrymen! well done, my lads!” Mr. CONSIDINE, the resident magistrate, warned him to desist or quit the yard. Mr. REDMOND, however, “paid no attention to the order,” but added, “You've beaten the battering-ram, my lads;

“and may God bless you!” Canon DOYLE seems to have contented himself with encouraging the law-breakers by his sacerdotal presence, and by calling the resident magistrate “a coward” when he was at last compelled to order a charge.

It is to be presumed that audacious defiances of authority like these will not be allowed to pass unpunished, and that the Messrs. REDMOND and their clerical friend will have to answer for their conduct in a court of justice. We know who ought to stand beside them, if all that was morally just was also legally possible; and that person is, in our opinion, more truly culpable than any one of the twelve men who have already been brought before the resident magistrate and remanded for a week. But because the law cannot always reach those who most deserve punishment, there is no reason why it should not lay hands on every culprit whom it can reach.

GROUSE-SHOOTING, EARLY AND LATE.

THE traditional, if somewhat stereotyped, excitement about the 12th of August does not appear to have undergone any serious diminution of late years. As the end of July approaches, the air resounds with the same old speculations as to whether Parliament will be prorogued in time for the “Festival of St. Grouse,” as the penny-a-liners love to style it; and not only every member of Parliament, but every one of a certain position and income, is supposed to be consumed with a feverish impatience to get off to the moors. And although, as a matter of fact, there is nowadays scarcely one legislator in ten who ever thinks of going grouse-shooting, and the well-to-do general public prefer, as a rule, to amuse themselves in other ways, there can be no doubt that the interest taken in the 12th by a large class of persons is still very considerable. From the very first day of August the Northern railways are crammed, not only with ordinary tourists, but with *bond fide* sportsmen and their belongings, extra trains are put on at all hours, and all idea of punctuality is for the time being thrown aside. The Highlands are invaded by an army of Southerners, and long-deserted castles, “mansion-houses,” and lodges once more spring into life.

There is unquestionably a great and indescribable charm about grouse-shooting at the beginning of the season. In the first place, it generally involves a complete change of life, in itself an important consideration; and there can be few more delightful changes than from the lifeless and used-up atmosphere of London at the beginning of August to the invigorating breezes of a Scotch moor. Everything, too, is now at its best; the heather is in full bloom, the skies are, if anything, apt to be too bright and cloudless, and outdoor life of every description can be freely indulged in. It is, in fact, on account of its associations and surroundings as much as of the actual sport that early grouse-shooting is so enjoyable. But there is necessarily a reverse side to the picture, which is not always taken into account by those who are not thoroughly well up in the subject. Should the weather be only moderately unfavourable, a great deal of the charm of the thing will disappear; but if it be really bad, there will, when the first novelty has worn off, be little left to enjoy. The worst of most early grouse-shooting is that it is grouse, and nothing else. In some parts of the Highlands fishing, either in loch or river, is generally to be had within easy reach, and those who have this resource at command are much to be envied. For, if the weather does not admit of shooting, there is little else to fall back upon. An ordinary Highland shooting-lodge has but few resources in itself; whatever literature may have been imported is rapidly got through; it is impossible to get beyond a certain point in the way of eating, drinking, and smoking; and, should bad weather prevail, as is often the case, for four or five days, it is lucky if the spirit of ennui do not seize upon the party to an unexpected and alarming extent. It is under such circumstances that the enormous advantages of some fishing—good, bad, or indifferent—are thoroughly appreciated. Where there is a salt-water loch within reach, an expedition can be organized at any time, and in almost any weather, that is sure to be productive of some interest or amusement; a small salmon river is often only fishable after rain, and its gradual “waxing” is a source of the liveliest excitement; and even in the burns large trout can often be caught with a worm during and after rain which at other times may be angled for in vain. The large majority of shootings, however, and among them many of the best, are without any fishing at all, except the tiny trout that are to be found in almost every burn, the angling for which, in the case of any one who has passed the schoolboy stage, can hardly be regarded as a serious pastime; and the pursuit of grouse must therefore be relied upon as the only real and solid attraction. But continual grouse, even with the accompaniments of fine weather and beautiful scenery, is apt to become just a little monotonous; moreover, one grouse at the beginning of the season, unless they happen to be unusually wild, is very much like another. They all get up in much the same way, and there is little or no variety about their flight. It is true that in most districts nowadays they very soon do become wild, and eventually almost unapproachable. But in many parts of Scot-

land they will lie close till the very end of the season, and require to be almost kicked up; and there is none of the pleasant uncertainty about them that is almost always to be found with their humbler, but perhaps on the whole more sport-affording, brethren, the partridges.

When, however, grouse can no longer be shot over dogs with any degree of certainty or satisfaction, the whole nature of the sport becomes altered, and we arrive at its second, or later, stage, which to many is as attractive as the earlier part of the season, or perhaps even more so. The golden days of August are passed, the heather has lost its bloom, and it is now necessary to be warmly clad and prepared for more or less rough weather. Instead, too, of walking leisurely up to a covey of young grouse, lying close in the heather, and getting up one by one, an easy prey to even the most inexperienced marksman, the sportsman will now have to move with every sense on the alert, and ready for a quick shot in any direction. The old cocks have all got their heads up, and are aware of his approach long before he gets near them; and on a level stretch of heather he may perhaps tramp for an hour without getting a fair shot. And now his patience and knowledge of woodcraft will be tested to the utmost. He will soon find that it is necessary to manoeuvre with the greatest circumspection, to take advantage of every inequality in the ground, and to act generally as if he were a skirmisher in presence of an enemy. He will learn to creep cautiously round the little knolls where the grouse are often to be found basking in the midday sun, and may be taken unawares; or to stalk an old cock for a quarter of a mile up a burn, to where some overhanging bank or miniature corrie appears to offer the chance of an unobserved approach. And when he does get a good right and left or even a single shot, how infinitely more satisfactory it is than anything in the earlier part of the season! A grouse now is a quarry worth securing. There is no game bird more beautiful than an old cock in full autumn plumage; and as he falls on the heather with a mighty thump, there is a sense of satisfaction in the sportsman's breast that is well worth the labour expended in accomplishing the desired object. Again, should there be any extent of arable land included in the shooting, there are pretty certain to be enough partridges, if not to furnish a whole day's sport by themselves, at least to vary the bag in a most acceptable manner. In many of the best grouse districts—not actually in the Highlands—the partridge and other low-ground shooting is really very good; and when once October has set in, the sportsman has the satisfaction of feeling that he may blaze away with impunity at anything that gets up, instead of being restricted, as in August, to the inevitable grouse. Now, too, is the time for "driving," a form of sport which, like battue shooting, has supplied material for endless discussion and controversy. Whether it is "sportsmanlike" or not, regarded from the severe standpoint adopted by adherents of the old school, is not a question upon which we desire to enter. But there is no doubt that it has become a fixed institution, and one generally accepted, moreover, among men who cannot fairly be charged with being habitually unsportsmanlike in other respects. And, putting the question of sport on one side, the practice of driving has unquestionably introduced a novel and very agreeable feature into the recreation of grouse-shooting. It is true that in some cases there is a good deal of laziness about it, if the mere fact of not walking after your game can be so described. But on many moors there is a considerable amount of walking to be done between the drives, and the rest in the "butts," "pits," or "boxes," as they are variously styled, will be found by no means unwelcome. Nor is there necessarily anything very tedious in even a prolonged wait in one of these ambushes. There is nothing to be done in the way of sport for perhaps half an hour or more; but there is a pleasurable sense of excitement in the anticipation of the sport which is to come, and which every moment brings nearer and nearer. The sportsman who has no soul for the beauties of nature, and whose ideas do not rise above the letting off of his gun a certain number of times during the day, may perhaps chafe at the enforced inaction, and grumble at the tardiness of the drivers. But to the man who combines a love of sport with a perception and appreciation of the charms of wild scenery, a quiet half-hour on a Scotch moor on a still October day (and driving in a wind is vanity and vexation of spirit) is a by no means unpleasant interlude. His gun is laid ready to his hand in one corner of his "box"; he has disencumbered himself of his cartridge-bag, and arranged a little store of ammunition for immediate use; and he has now complete leisure to look about him. On the moors best adapted for driving the scenery is not generally of a grand or severe description; but their quiet beauty is none the less attractive in its own way. The brilliant colouring of the heather has faded away, and it now looks somewhat dull and lifeless; but its departed brilliancy is in a measure made up for by the variegated grasses and mosses which crop up everywhere in an exquisite gradation of tints, relieved here and there by a patch of emerald green, where some little rill trickles through a hollow or forms a miniature bog between the heathery knolls. The air is clear and bracing, and the lights on the hills, especially towards evening, are more beautiful now than at any other time of year. There is something peculiarly impressive, too, in the stillness of a moor on a calm autumn day, only broken by the occasional tinkle of a sheep-bell, the plaintive whistle of a plover, or that ceaseless, mysterious "sough" that seems to come from the distant hills like the faint strain of an Æolian harp. So, unless an absolute glutton for sport, our friend may lie back in his turf shelter, and smoke his

pipe with a complete sense of quiet enjoyment, while, if he is anything of an artist, a pocket sketch-book will now come in very handy. But he must all this time, or at any rate after the first quarter of an hour or so, have one eye keeping a general look-out for the chance of a shot. Grouse will often be on the move on their own account, or a few odd birds may come over long in advance of the general flight; and if he is caught dreaming or otherwise unprepared, he will become an object of derision to his less contemplative, but consequently more watchful, companions.

We should be far from wishing to contend that grouse-shooting in October or November is to be preferred to the same sport at the beginning of the season. Each period, however, has its advantages as well as its drawbacks, and a sportsman who may be inclined to repine at being unable to take the field on the 12th of August will often find that he has not lost so very much after all by being compelled to wait until six weeks or even two months later.

THE LETTER-BAG.

THE polite letter-reader during the past week has not lacked opportunities for the display of his politeness. He began with the epistle of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman to the *Times*, and that marvellous quotation which appeared to be thus construed in Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's mind:—*Tantum*, it was really, *religio*, a shame, *potuit*, to accuse me, *suaudere*, of spite, *malorum*, at Admiral Tryon. It is improbable that the full meaning of this will ever be revealed. It may have been a sheer hoax (say of Lord Rosebery's) on the solid finder of salvation. It may have been a piece of "wut" similar to Mr. Wallace's recent exercise in that kind, devised and executed by the mere force of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's own intellect. However this may be, it is clear that, if (Mr. Campbell-Bannerman will of course recognize the context of his citation) any one assents to the prayer *Ne mea dona, Intellecta prius quam sint, contempta relinquant* in this instance, he has a long and a weary task before the waste, wan body and shaken soul of him finds out what Mr. Campbell-Bannerman really did mean. Rationalists suggest that he had an indistinct idea of the words having something to do with intolerance, and that he thought either that the *Times* accused him of intolerance, or else that the *Times* was intolerant in accusing him. But this is a slovenly *à peu près*, unworthy of the scholar. Only, since we are on the subject, and are models of fairness, let us observe that the laugh in this matter is not wholly on the side of the *Times*. It is always rather humiliating to have to explain that you have made a joke, especially of the "sooth board" description. Besides, it was never the way of the *Times* to joke. History or legend asserts that, at least in days past, when a new recruit was sought or offered himself, the "wash neophyte" was warned, "Now, remember, you must not be clever"; so that, if he was conscious of great possessions in the way of cleverness, there was nothing for him to do but to go away sorrowful. This salutary practice would appear to have been relaxed, and, lo! the consequences! Indeed Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's Lucretian studies might give him (still from the same passage) a rather neat retort:—

Quo magis aeternum da dictis, Diva, leporem,
Effice ut
Per maria et terras omnes sopita quiescant.

Which may be translated, with almost perfect literalness and much point, "Why then, Goddess of Printing House Square, continue to give us this fine old wit in your words, so that all over earth and sea things may be put to sleep by it."

But enough of poor Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. After all, he will find it very difficult to get better poetry than Lucretius, and by much reading of that bard he may at last arrive at some comprehension of his meaning. The letter-writing of his great chief during the week has been of a much more serious, not to say tragic, description. Properly to deal with the melancholy death of Alexander McEwan, machinist, "votary of Bacchus" (as the member for the Stirling Burghs would say), Home Ruler, political poet, and correspondent of Mr. Gladstone, would require his own harmony of verse, but we may deal with it in both. In two of these his capacities, the late Mr. McEwan wrote, and sent to Mr. Gladstone, a Home Rule poem, entitled "Joiner's Chips," which Mr. Gladstone (on the usual medium) acknowledged as "spirited," and added, "I not only hope, but confidently expect, that in no long period of life you will witness the triumph of those just principles which you and I desire to apply to the cause of Ireland." Alas for Mr. Gladstone, both as a well-wisher and a prophet! The gods did indeed grant his prayer of "no long period of life" to Mr. McEwan, but in other sense than he meant it. If the triumph of just principles does not come till Mr. Alexander McEwan (political poet) sees it, Unionists will be very well contented; and in future we should think a slight unpleasantness, a little shudder as of some one stepping over their grave, will be felt by superstitious persons to whom Mr. Gladstone wishes that in no long period of life something may happen. Can it be that G stands for *gettatore* as well as for Gladstone? A student of the fate of Mr. McEwan might fancy it, and may heartily hope that the triumph of just principles may experience its effects as poor Mr. McEwan has done.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Lucretius in hand, is comedy, if not farce; Mr. Gladstone, praying for his political poet, neglecting

Nemesis in the process, and getting in this doleful sense "no long period of life" for his luckless correspondent, is farce-tragedy; but what shall we say of the same statesman when we read another letter of his, that to the Provost of Dalkeith? "Come out, little letter," as the great Englishman whom fools call an Irish patriot used to say to and of documents of a very different order of interest. The "bon mots de Stella," as actually recorded by her lover, are not bewilderingly funny; but Lucretius (Heaven bless Mr. Campbell-Bannerman for providing this Lucretius for us!) has explained that matter also. The fun of Mr. Gladstone's letter is much more indubitable. If Mr. Dillon broke the law, says Mr. Gladstone—three times Prime Minister of England, member of Parliament for fifty odd years, a Privy Councillor, a magistrate, a man bound a hundred times over to support the law and the institutions of his country—"If Mr. Dillon broke the law, he was driven to break it by the gross misconduct of the Government and Parliament of 1886." Wherein see two things. In the first place, when a Government placed in office in the regular way and selected by the Queen, when a Parliament elected by the whole nation under the freest suffrage, does something that Mr. Gladstone does not like, or does not do something that he does like, in the full and undoubted exercise of the powers committed by the Constitution to both, it is not a mistake of judgment, it is not something to be regretted, it is "gross misconduct." And Mr. Headmaster Gladstone—unluckily deprived of the ferule, but with wig and gown and frown complete—rates the naughty boys for that gross misconduct accordingly. Secondly, when any one breaks a law in consequence of what Mr. Gladstone, in the exercise of his discretion or indiscretion, calls misconduct, he is "driven to break it," and though "the breach may be a public evil"—which Mr. Gladstone kindly grants—"the true authors of the evil are the Government and the Parliament." So says Mr. Gladstone, and then he proceeds to show that the Government and the Parliament are *not* responsible. The responsibility, or irresponsibility, it seems further, will "pass over to and rest upon the voters of this country if they approve such conduct at a bye-election or otherwise, and on every one amongst them who votes for them [*sic*] calling themselves Unionists." "Them calling themselves Unionists" ought to be very much obliged to Mr. Gladstone for this letter. It is not Mr. Dillon's fault if he breaks the law, but the fault of those who administer the law; it will not be the fault of the administrators, but of the electors; it will not, we suppose (for there is no need to stop in such a nice smooth road as this) be the fault of the electors, but of the course of events, just as when the learned professor could not light his candle. Nevertheless, though it is nobody's fault, somebody—the particular body obnoxious to Mr. Gladstone—is guilty of "gross misconduct," though the poor thing was only a link in a chain of responsibilities which, as Mr. Gladstone has just shown, can be prolonged, and the responsibility shoved back *ad infinitum*—backward, forward, any way you please, or rather any way that Mr. Gladstone pleases. For we have observed that "gross misconduct" is capable of being fixed upon any link that he chooses to fix it upon. Now it is certainly rather a curious thing that a letter like this should be put forward as an important political document. That Mr. Gladstone's history is, if we used his own vocabulary we should say grossly false, is a minor matter. It has been proved over and over again that, so far from the Plan of Campaign, as he says in this letter, being "forced into existence by the incapacity of the Irish peasants to pay their rents," the great majority of those who have availed themselves of the fraudulent "Plan" are perfectly able to pay them. It is a fact, which even Mr. Gladstone's assurance cannot deny, that his own Land Act distinctly contemplated the possibility of the rents being in some years too high, and adjusted them on the principle of their being in other years too low. But any man may be excused for refusing to recognize inconvenient facts. What no man can be excused for is the use of silly and indecent language. For a single person, even if he were of ten times Mr. Gladstone's ability and standing, to talk of the "gross misconduct" of the Government and the Parliament of England, would be more indecent than anything else if it were not so silly, and more silly than anything else if it were not so indecent. Mr. Gladstone and his side in Parliament have done things—many of them—which were more abhorrent to their political opponents than the reluctance of the Government to falsify Mr. Gladstone's own bargain with the landlords could possibly be to Gladstonians, yet we at least should hesitate to call any of them by such a name. We can conceive persons who would very cheerfully give their votes for condign punishment to be inflicted on Mr. Gladstone on the score of the Majuba Convention, yet who would at the same time admit that it would be improper to charge him with gross misconduct. Such a phrase could only be applied, by persons who use language carefully, to a transgression of universally accepted laws or rules where no question of opinion comes in. It is notorious that persons not perhaps worse fitted to judge than Mr. Gladstone consider the conduct of the Government and the Parliament in the matter to which he refers to have been wiser, more merciful, and in every way better than the subsequent action of 1887. But it may be foolish to argue seriously with a statesman who has so far forgotten himself

as to scold and stamp at his adversaries in this fashion. "Them calling themselves Unionists" are not likely to be much damaged by the exhibition, and if there be any reasonable men among "them calling themselves [or, for they do not like the name, being called] Separatists," they can hardly be much encouraged by it. Can it be possible that Sir William Harcourt's latest style is making Mr. Gladstone rather uncomfortable as to his own hold on the popular taste, and that he is trying that good knight's weapons? It is dangerous, as we all know, to use weapons that men have not proved; and truly this little excursion into "gross misconduct" seems to illustrate the principle.

MR. BOURNE'S TRAVELS IN SOUTH-WESTERN CHINA.

WHEN the misgovernment of King Thebaw rendered the annexation of Upper Burmah necessary, a great stimulus was given to the expectation that British commerce was destined to acquire a new market in South-Western China. Golden visions were excited of establishing British influence in those regions, and of thereby bringing the eventual awakening of China under British auspices. These anticipations have not been immediately fulfilled; and, as stewards of the Indian revenues, the Indian Government refused to be driven by the Chambers of Commerce at home to embark on a precipitate policy of trans-frontier railway construction. Considerable uncertainty, indeed, still overhangs not only the question of the best routes from Burmah to South-Western China, but the actual condition of that country. Some of the ground has never been traversed by Europeans; and, in spite of the travels of Baron Richthofen, Captain Gill, Mr. Baber, and others, our knowledge is still fragmentary. The decision, therefore, of the Foreign Office to send one of the ablest officers of their Chinese establishment through the region on a tour of inspection was well advised. In addition, moreover, to the importance of investigating the commercial capacities of Yunnan and the adjacent provinces, it is very necessary to estimate the chances of French rivalry. For French diplomacy has succeeded in gaining what the sword failed to wrest; the Supplementary Franco-Chinese Convention of June 1886 gives the French inland trading-stations; and a waterway into China by the Red River. But it still remains to be seen whether the physical difficulties of the country will permit this concession to be properly utilized.

These objects were kept faithfully before his sight by Mr. F. S. Bourne, the officer selected by the Foreign Office for this mission. But the record of Mr. Bourne's journey, which is now issued as a Blue-Book, is something more than an official report. Written in an easy and attractive style, with touches of picturesque description, and full of observations on native manners, customs, and beliefs, the volume forms one of the most interesting books of travel that have recently appeared. Starting from Chung Ching on the Yangtsekiang in October of 1885, Mr. Bourne, after following its left bank for a few marches, crossed the River of Golden Sands at Luchoo, and struck down into Yunnan across the intervening portion of Szechuen. From the Yunnan capital (which was visited by Marco Polo) he made his way to Ssumao on the Burmese frontier, and then setting his face eastwards, followed along the Tonquin border in Kwangsi, returning through Kweichow to his starting-place after an absence of some eight months. It is satisfactory to note that in spite of the recent ferment occasioned by the Tonquin war, and the Chinese incapacity for distinguishing between different races of "foreign devils," Mr. Bourne was well received everywhere. His principal troubles arose, as they generally do in China, from difficulties about his porters, from bad inns, worse food, malaria, and a certain suspiciousness of the people about answering questions. On one occasion he also ran short of money, but was obligingly accommodated with a loan by a Chinese artillery officer, whose vauntings, when escorting the Grosvenor mission, had earned him the appellation of "Hill-echoing Thunder" from Mr. Baber. True to his character, Lei Yingshan improved even on the record of Benvenuto Cellini in the matter of the Constable of Bourbon, and averred that he himself had wounded Admiral Courbet in Tonquin. But he lent the money.

Mr. Bourne's general description of the country he traversed is not very encouraging to the sanguine expectations which have been formed of its commercial capacities. The greater part of Yunnan and that part of Szechuen which lies south of the river is an elevated and rather barren plateau, intersected with deep valleys and with very poor communications. Much of the high ground is also limestone, and the subterranean channels through which the rivers pierce get blocked, and result in flooding the valleys. In Yunnan itself there is very little coal, though it abounds in Kweichow and Szechuen. Wood is burnt, but the forests have been considerably devastated. Added, however, to the comparative poverty of its natural resources there is the devastation of the country resulting from the Panthay rebellion to be taken into account. The long struggle between the Mahomedans and the Imperialists appears to have been a war of extermination, and besides the depopulation that ensued crops and trees were destroyed wholesale. As a result large tracts have been practically abandoned, the mines are deserted, and the silk industry has disappeared. Agriculture, too, is in a bad way, and

opium cultivation is the main resource. "Both Yunnan and Kweichow," Mr. Bourne reports, "now pay for the whole of their foreign imports in opium," and the disrepair into which the roads have fallen, together with the portability of opium, give the drug an obvious advantage over other products in a land where everything has to be carried on porters' backs. In Kweichow, as in most parts of the empire, the tenacity with which the people cling to poppy cultivation has been too much for the Government. A serious attempt was made to repress it in 1885, but only the next year the prohibition was practically removed. Another fact which must be borne in mind in estimating the commercial development possible in these provinces is that the population is mainly non-Chinese, perhaps to the extent of three-fourths. This is a very important consideration:—

These non-Chinese races do not buy foreign goods. It should be understood that the only purchasers of foreign goods, i.e. piece-goods, in these parts, are well-to-do Chinese. Every Chinaman who has the means will infallibly purchase foreign cottons and woollens for the adornment of himself, his wife, children, and furniture. There is no necessary proportion between the demand for foreign imports and a space on the map, neither is there any immediate proportion between the demand for foreign imports and the number of the population; but between the number of well-to-do Chinese and the demand for foreign imports there is a necessary proportion, because every one of that class will buy foreign cottons or woollens, for they are as necessary to the vindication of his respectability as his high hat is to the Londoner's.

The Chinese, indeed, have much to do, although Chinese immigrants are now coming in, before they succeed in assimilating these non-Chinese races. Their hold upon the country is not very extensive, and Chinese jurisdiction is broken into by a number of more or less independent chieftainships. The work is not facilitated by any sympathy with or knowledge of the older inhabitants existing in the dominant race. Chinese classification of the various tribes makes no attempt to correspond with realities, and official ignorance usually takes refuge in calumny. One tract, so the Chinese authorities told Mr. Bourne, is little visited by merchants, "because of the ferocity of the natives, who set cross-bows with poisoned arrows to shoot across the road, or rather [so the English traveller adds] are said to do so by the Chinese—which is not the same thing." Nor, again, is the agency which the Chinese employ to coerce the country peculiarly effective. The military force does not appear to be large, and is for the most part an undisciplined rabble. Mr. Bourne found that these legionaries were armed with old English horse-pistols and Tower muskets, besides a variety of native weapons, including a formidable trident and a long hook sharpened on the inner edge. Antiquated as their firearms are, however, they make just the difference between the Chinese soldiers and the "barbarians" who are only provided with bows and arrows. The information gathered by Mr. Bourne points to three principal divisions amongst the non-Chinese he came across, and he devoted much attention to procuring specimens of their writing and to taking down their vocabularies. There is, as might be expected, a large Shan element, which has overflowed the Burmese frontier, and seems very similar to its kindred in Siam and the Shan plateau of Upper Burmah. Along the Burmese border, again, Mr. Bourne found several scattered communities of the Lolo race, or, as they call themselves, Nersu, whose central home is in the great bend of the Yangtsekiang, in 103° East longitude. A third race about which even less is known are the Miao-tzu, the aborigines of Kweichow. Their nature, according to the Chinese, is to rebel on a small scale every three years, and seriously once in every six years. The nominal religion of this population is Buddhism, but here, as Bishop Copleston complains that it does in Ceylon, the Buddhist system shows itself singularly accommodating to the grossest superstitions, which alone have a real hold on the people. Sorcerers or "permas" are of great repute, both amongst the Lolos and Miao-tzus, and used to flourish abundantly. But many were slaughtered in the war, and Mr. Bourne had some difficulty in meeting with them. They are the repositories of what writing exists amongst the aboriginal inhabitants.

Amidst these inquiries Mr. Bourne took occasion to estimate, as far as possible, the prospects which France has secured under the new Convention of making its way in these regions. The undeveloped and disturbed state of the country makes a forecast difficult. When the Red River route is once safe (which it is very far from being at present) it appears that a certain amount of tin, drugs, and medicine will find their way from Yunnan to Tonquin, and there should also be a certain passenger traffic. But the foreign imports in return will chiefly come at present from Hongkong. However, even when the Yunnan province fills up, Mr. Bourne "believes that there is no reason to fear that British interests will be seriously prejudiced by the opening of the Red River route, as arranged by the recent treaty, even supposing a tariff adverse to Hongkong." On the other hand, he points out that the Assam tea-planters ought before long to find a market for their tea in Western Yunnan, and displace the inferior article at present consumed. But the commercial development of this part is in a very backward state. Mr. Bourne heard of districts where blocks of salt take the place of a metallic currency, just as bricks of tea were current in Thibet before the British Indian rupee penetrated the passes.

THE ADVANCE IN THE BANK RATE.

THE Directors of the Bank of England last week raised their rate of discount to 3 per cent. That is not enough, however, since they delayed doing so too long. They need to supplement their action by other measures. A couple of weeks ago we showed that the stock of gold held by the Bank of England is dangerously small; that, owing to the issue of so many foreign, colonial, and Indian Companies and loans during the current year, the London market had become indebted to foreign countries to a very large amount; that, in consequence, foreign countries could take very considerable sums in gold away from London; and that, if they did so, the reserve would be so seriously reduced that the money market might be disturbed, and a check might be given to trade. Since then the position has become even worse. The reserve has considerably decreased, and the foreign and colonial issues have gone on. The Bank of England is obliged by law to cash its notes on presentation. It is not in the position, therefore, of the Bank of France or the Imperial Bank of Germany, both of which can, on occasion, refuse to part with the metal. The Bank of England cannot directly avoid parting with gold to any person who holds its notes. The only way in which the Bank of England can protect itself is by making it unprofitable to take away the metal. That is to say, the Bank of England must raise the rates of interest and discount in the London market so high that it will not pay exporters to withdraw gold from the Bank and send it abroad. More than this, the Bank may require to attract gold to this country, and it can do so only by so raising the rates of interest and discount that it will be profitable for capitalists to bring or send gold hither, in order to employ it in this market. The Bank of England is no longer, however, capable of directly raising the rates of interest and discount in the open market in London. It is now only one of several great banks, and it is not even the most important of the great banks, so far as lending and discounting are concerned. The joint-stock and private banks are, in fact, much more powerful than the Bank of England now, and generally refuse to follow its lead. At the present moment, for example, the rate of discount in the open market in London is about three-eighths per cent. lower than the Bank of England official rate. This being the case, the Bank of England can influence the open market only by withdrawing from the market the surplus supply of loanable capital which is keeping down the rate of discount, and it can do this only by borrowing in the open market. By borrowing, it lessens the supply in the open market and increases its own supply. It becomes, therefore, the largest holder of loanable capital, and in that way is able to temporarily influence the open market. The position being such as it is, it is clearly desirable that the Bank of England should borrow in the open market, and thus raise the rates of interest and discount in that market, and should thereby be in a position further to raise its own rate of discount if necessary, carrying the outside market with it at the same time.

It is not only that this country has engaged to furnish other countries with large sums of money which is a danger to the money market. It is to be recollected that at the same time trade at home is steadily improving. Improvement in trade means a larger number of persons employed at better wages, and therefore necessitates an increased circulation of coin throughout the country, in order to pay these larger wages' bills. Furthermore, the harvest throughout Western and Central Europe is deficient this year. More particularly Germany and France will require to import more wheat than they have required for some years past. In all the great wheat-growing countries of the world, therefore, we shall find the French and the Germans competing with ourselves for wheat, and consequently putting up the price. It is probable, then, that not only will this country, France, and Germany have to import larger quantities, but that they will have to pay more per quarter than they have done for some years past. If that happens, then Western and Central Europe will owe more to the wheat-exporting countries of the world than they have done for some years past, and, consequently, the wheat-exporting countries will be able to take gold from Western and Central Europe if they require it. The position, so far as the money market is concerned, therefore, is that, owing to the improvement in trade at home and upon the Continent, there is likely to be an increase in the coin circulation which will take gold from the great banking centres, and, therefore, tend to lower the reserve of the Bank of England and the other great banks. Further, owing to the deficient harvest, there is likely to be a necessity for exporting gold to pay for a portion of the wheat which will have to be bought. And, lastly, owing to the large foreign and Colonial issues in London, there is likely to be an export of gold to the borrowing countries. For these several reasons the demand for gold upon the Bank of England threatens to be exceptionally large, and unfortunately the stock of gold held by the Bank of England is so small that it cannot afford to part with much without causing serious disturbance to the money market, and thereby adversely affecting trade. On the other hand, it is not probable that much gold can be obtained from either the Continent or the United States to lessen the demand upon the Bank of England. The Bank of France, it is true, holds nearly 44 millions sterling in gold, and could therefore afford to part with a considerable sum with advantage to itself and without inconvenience to French trade. But the Bank of France, for years past, has been carefully accu-

mulating gold, and it may be doubted whether the Directors would be willing to part with much. The present stock of gold it is true is about 10½ millions sterling less than the amount they held two years ago, and they may therefore consent to part with a million or two in addition. But the political condition of France, the immense stock of silver held by the Bank, and the magnitude of the financial operations that are understood to be in prospect, make it unlikely that the Bank would part with very much gold. The Imperial Bank of Germany could also part with a very considerable sum without disadvantage either to itself or to the country. It holds in gold and silver together about 49½ millions sterling, of which about two-thirds are understood to be in gold. But the policy of the Imperial Bank of Germany always has been to increase its stock of gold and to take prompt measures to prevent a material export of the metal, and there is no reason to suppose that it has altered that policy. At the same time it is possible that the Directors of the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Germany may recognize the necessity there is for preventing a large withdrawal from the Bank of England, lest thereby the London and other European money markets should be disturbed, and may consent to part with enough of gold themselves to supply those foreign demands which are known to be coming upon the London market.

At first sight it would seem probable that we should be able to draw a very large amount of gold from the United States. In the financial year ended with June last the value of the imports into the United States exceeded the value of the exports by more than 5½ millions sterling. Also the net import of gold into the United States exceeded the net export of silver by about 3 millions sterling; while it is estimated that annually the United States have to pay to other countries for interest, freight, and other charges about 24 millions sterling. The total indebtedness of the United States to the rest of the world, therefore, during the past financial year would seem to have been about 32½ millions sterling, and although recently gold has been sent from the United States to Europe, the amount in comparison with this large debt is quite insignificant. It would seem to follow, therefore, that the United States must owe to Europe still a large amount, and consequently that Europe can, if it chooses, take gold from the United States. But it is to be recollected that European buying of American Railroad Securities has been very large for some months past; and, further, it is to be recollected that the crops of all kinds in the United States are good this year, that consequently the exports of merchandise from the United States will be on a greatly increased scale, and hence it follows that the money debt of the United States to Europe, if not entirely wiped out, must be reduced very greatly indeed. Just now coin and notes are flowing from the reserve cities into the rural districts to "move" the crops, as the Americans say. This tends to raise the rates of interest and discount in the reserve cities, and as a consequence to make it unprofitable to export gold from the United States to Europe. Owing to this it seems unlikely that gold can be withdrawn from the United States on European account, and it is even quite possible, though at present not very probable, that gold may be taken from Europe to the United States. Upon the whole then, we do not expect that much gold can be obtained in America to relieve our requirements here; and there remains, therefore, only Berlin, Paris, Australia, and South Africa to look to as possible sources of supply should the demand come upon us. As prudent business men, the Directors of the Bank of England ought not to trust to the desire of the Directors of the Bank of France and of the Imperial Bank of Germany to relieve them from embarrassment. They ought, on the contrary, to assume that the Bank of France and the Bank of Germany will follow the policy they have pursued for years past; and consequently they ought to take measures to protect themselves, and prevent a serious drain of gold setting in. As pointed out above, the only measures they can effectively adopt are the raising of their own rate of discount and the borrowing of money in the open market so as to raise at the same time the rate of discount in the open market. By so doing they will certainly stop the export of gold from this country, and they may succeed in attracting a considerable amount of the metal from other countries.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

IT is not generally known, even by people who have visited America, that there is in Pennsylvania, very near the cities of Philadelphia and New York, a population of more than two million inhabitants which is in many respects strangely like what its rural ancestors were in Germany more than two centuries ago. Some years since there were to be seen in a shop in Philadelphia several large books of Lutheran devotion in the type and spelling of 1540, bound in deeply-stamped white vellum, with heavy brass clasps. They did not look like imitations of old books, they seemed to be "the thing itself"; but the date was recent. "They are for the Pennsylvania Dutch," said the bookseller. "They would not believe that the Lord would hear them if they prayed to Him out of a modern-looking book. And those books, as you see them, have been printed and bound in that style for nearly two hundred years for the Pennsylvania Dutch market,

just as they were printed for their ancestors during the Reformation."

There is probably no more striking instance of conservatism to be found anywhere in Europe than this; but the spirit manifested by the worthy "Dutchmen" is carried out by them consistently in everything else. "Follow thy father, good son, and live as thy father before thee has done," is their golden rule of life. Firstly, they always speak among themselves a singular patois called Pennsylvania Dutch, from the word Deutsch. "It belongs," says Dr. Bausman, in his edition of the poems of Dr. H. Harbaugh, "to the South-German dialects," and, while partaking of all, "it is most closely allied to the Pfälzisch"—that is, to the Rhine German of the Palatinate. In the Valley of the Susquehanna, and beyond the Alleghany, it is much mingled with English. Further to the West we find in it traces of Scottish, Irish, Swedish, and French. It is specially remarkable in its having retained great numbers of old and curious German words, such as are now to be heard only in the remotest places of the Fatherland. We find the influence of the unchangeable English article *the* in *der*. Thus a man will say "Hen—scherr der blind Gaul uf, mer welle uf der Markt fahre"—i.e. "Henry, harness the blind horse; we will go to market!"

The following words illustrate the character of the vocabulary:—

Abbatig.	Especial. <i>Besonders.</i>
Aern.	Harvest. <i>Erndte.</i>
Altfaschen.	Old-fashioned.
Ball.	Quickly. <i>Bald.</i>
Bensa.	Cents. <i>Pence.</i>
Bieten.	To beat. <i>Surpass.</i>
Boghie.	Buggy, a vehicle.
Bungert.	Orchard. <i>Baugarten.</i>
Buschleht.	Country people.
Däre.	This. <i>Dieser, Der.</i>
Dheerle.	A door. <i>Thüchen.</i>
Druwel.	Trouble.
Deschent'leit.	Gentlefolk.
Ennihauf.	Anyhow.
Fitz.	A rod. <i>Ruthe.</i>
Gedschumpt.	Jumped.

E.g.:—Der Bull ist dem Dachach orrig no' gelofft, un der Dachach hat ober de Fens gedshumpt un hat sei Britches zerlora—i.e. The bull ran fiercely after Jack, who jumped over the fence and tore his breeches. (N.B.—It may be observed that this is a rather *outré* specimen of Pennsylvanisch-Deutsch.)

Gepliebst.	Pleased.
Geschpeit.	Spyed, seen.
Gut bei!	Good-bye!
Heemelt.	To feel a home longing.

"Wie heemelt mich do alles a'!"

Hen	To have. <i>Haben.</i>
Imme.	In one. <i>In einem.</i>
Juschament.	Truly. <i>Wirklich.</i>
Knitz.	Roguish.
Numme.	Only once. <i>Nur einmal.</i>
Rejert.	It rains.
Schreiwes.	Something written.
Sell. Selli.	That. <i>Selbe.</i>
Ufgedrest.	Dressed up.

Kurtz, short, in this dialect becomes *Katze*, e.g.:—

Der Mensch fun Weib gebora,
Lebt en ganze katze Zeit;
Un wért verlaumt geschora,
Bis in de Ewigkeit.

Man who is of woman born,
But a little time lives he;
Like a sheep he will be shorn,
Into all eternity.

Vierzehn becomes *Fartzen*. An old waggoner who was famous for his "yarns" once declared that, during the retreat of General Washington from White Plains, he had driven his team so fast that for fourteen miles not a wheel had once touched the ground! "De Wagen sen fartzen Meil gefohra ohne en Rod zu Grund ganga ist."

Alt becomes *Olt*, and *Olty* is generally applied to a wife, as *Mei Olty*, "my old woman." So *olt wie der Nerd Schter*—"As old as the North Star"—is a very common simile.

A horse is always a *Gail* (or *Gaul*) in Pennsylvanisch, and a *Fir-gail* is a fox-horse or a sorrel—i.e. a fox-coloured animal:—

Shittel de Feddre en rop de Gans,
En alter Fix hot Hoor am Schwantz;
De Fix de sen de scheenste Gail,
Wenn sie fett gefiddert sei.

Shake the feathers and pluck the goose,
An old Fox hath hair on his tail;
The sorrels are the best horses
If they are well fed.

Sell, an abbreviation of *Selbe* or self, as *dasselbe*, "that same," is still common in Swabia. The Pennsylvanian uses it as general demonstrative pronoun, as "*Sell* is wahr"—that is, true. It may be found in the following naive invitation from a young widow:—

Ah John, ach John—was kumest du net bei?
Ich bin zu haba, bin Wittfray un frei.
Wees mehr vum Heiren als all die Maid,
Wees Haus zu halta un *sell* forst rate.

Ah, John! ah, John! why not come unto me?
I may be had—I'm a widow and free.
I know more about marriage than any maid;
I can keep house, too, and that first-rate.

In *Pennsylvania Dutch and other Essays*, by a lady, we are told that *Widdu faury* means *Willst du fahren?* or go in a waggon, and that such expressions as *Koocka multo*, for "Guck einmal da (look there!)" and *Haltbyssel*, "Wait a bit," and *Gutenobit* for "Guten Abend!" may be heard. But these are all merely South-German terms. Apple-butter, or apple-sauce stewed in cider, is *Lodwaerrick*, from the German *Latwerge*, an electuary. A very rich landed proprietor is sometimes called a *Kanig*, *König*, or king. An old Pennsylvanian once said:—"I moost geh un see olt Yoke (Jacob) Beidelman. Te beople calls me *Kánig* ov de Manor (township), und tay calls him te *Kánig* ov te *Octorara*. Now dese *kánigs* moost come togéder—once." Accent together, and pass quickly over once, as in *hinüber-dort* or *Zusammen-kunft*.

Pennsylvania German is not, however, a broken or an irregular *patois*. It has settled down into its own forms and rules, and abides strictly by them. It has also a small literature. At the head of this was the late H. Harbaugh, D.D., whose poems are original, beautiful, and touching in their simplicity. It is to be regretted that the great admiration which their intrinsic merit attracted induced the writer in subsequent editions to eliminate many English terms and reduce them to a more German form; but as it is they are well worth study. They have been published in a collected form by the Reformed Church Board of Philadelphia. A very popular writer of comic sketches and author of a *Pennsylvania Dutch Dictionary* was E. H. Rauch, known under the sobriquet of *Piet Schwefelbrenner*. He also, wishing to be as English as possible, went even further than Harbaugh in a contrary direction, by writing all his German words according to English orthography, or rather phonography. The following is a specimen of his writing:—

Der klea meant mer awer sei net recht gund, for er kreisht ois so greisel heftig-orig in der nacht. . . . Se sawya es waer an oity fraw drivva in Lodwarrickshtedde de kennt aw wocksa fedreiv mit Warta, un aw so an geschmeer, was se mocht mit genset. De fraw sawya se waer a sivaty shwester un a dochter fun eam daer sei dawdy nee net g'sea hut. Un sell gebt eara yetzt de gewalt so warta braucha fors aw wocksa tsu verdriva.

In English:—

The little one, I think, is not right well, for he cries so cruelly hard (grausam heftig arg) in the night. They say there is an old woman over there in Applebuttertown, who can drive away growths (i.e. internal tumours, &c.) with (magic) words and by using an ointment which is made with goose-grease. The woman says she is a seventh sister and a daughter of one who never saw his father, and that gives her now the power to use words which expel tumours.

This is a very inaccurate and misleading method of spelling a language by the standard of another. The following from a comic prophetic almanac gives us a much better idea of the dialect:—

JANUAR.—Ehn Mannskerl wu in dem Monant gebore is, macht en scharfsinniger Kerl, un gleicht ah eppes Guts zu trinke; er giebt enihau en arger gespassiger Ding, und singe kann er bei Tschinks! dass alles biete thut. Das Weibsmensch wu in dem Monat di die Welt kummt, gebt 'na schmürte Hausfrau, wann sie schon alsemol ehn bissel brutzig drein guckt, so hat sie aber doch ehn gut Herz.

English:—

JANUARY.—A man born in this month is a sharp-witted fellow and also likes something good to drink, he is *anyhow* a good fellow, and he can sing by Jinks! so as to *beat* everything. The woman who in this month comes into the world will be a *smart* (clever) housewife, and if she looks around and into matters a little angrily (*brutzig*, Palatinate or Pfläzisch) she has still a good heart.

The Pennsylvania German field is rich in curious old folk-lore of every kind, and those who are interested in that branch of archaeology will be pleased to learn that the Ethnographical Bureau in Washington has not neglected it, one of its officers having for many years made extensive collections in it.

A DRAMATIC RETROSPECT.

I.

THE issue of the fifth edition of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's book *It is a proof of how greatly the public interest in theatrical affairs has increased since the day when the popular favourite of the old Strand burlesques, tired of impersonating saucy boys, and longing for those comedy parts with which no London manager would entrust her, determined to give herself the chance she could not obtain from others by turning manager on her own account. At every page of the earlier—and by far the most interesting—chapters of these *Reminiscences* we may notice the vast difference between things as they were and things as they are in the theatrical world, and may trace how much of this altered state is due directly or indirectly to the memorable management which opened the little house in Tottenham Street on April 15th, 1865.*

And first we may note that, by the opening of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, a new house was practically added to the West-End theatres; for under its old name of the Queen's it held but an obscure position even among minor theatres, and few metropolitan playgoers were aware of the existence of a theatre in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road until attracted thither by the name of Miss Marie Wilton.

We are nowadays so accustomed to the opening of fresh theatres in London that it is not until we remember the state

of theatrical affairs in 1865 that we can duly appreciate the courage of the young actress or the importance of her undertaking. At this date the West-End playgoer was catered for by the following nine theatres (exclusive of the two opera houses—Her Majesty's and Covent Garden—the style of whose normal entertainment is outside the present subject):—Drury Lane, the Haymarket, the Adelphi, the Olympic, the Strand, the Lyceum, the St. James's, the Royalty, and the Princess's, the youngest of which—the Princess's—was opened in 1842. It would perhaps be going too far, and it would certainly serve no practical end, to try to establish any absolute causal connexion between the success of Miss Wilton's managerial venture and the rapid increase in the number of London playhouses which began so soon afterwards; but it is certainly worth noting that, while for twenty-three years before the opening of the Prince of Wales's no new theatre had been built at the West End of town, in 1866, the year after that event, when the production of Robertson's *Society* had placed the fortunes of the new management beyond a doubt, the first of the new houses, the Holborn Theatre (since demolished), was opened to the public; to be followed by the Queen's in Long Acre (which also has long since ceased to be a theatre) in 1867, the Globe and the Gaiety in 1868, the Charing Cross (now Toole's) in 1869, the Vaudeville and the Opera Comique in 1870, the Court (since demolished) in 1871, the Criterion in 1874, the Imperial (now converted to other purposes) in 1878, the Savoy and the Comedy in 1881, the Avenue and the Novelty in 1882, the Prince's (now the Prince of Wales's) in 1883, and Terry's in 1887. Besides this long list, four new theatres—the Court in Sloane Square, the Lyric and the Shaftesbury in Shaftesbury Avenue, and the Garrick in Charing Cross Road, are now being built, and when these are completed London will possess no fewer than twenty-five West-End theatres.

Great as is the advance implied in the above figures, it is not only by the building of new houses that playgoers' interests have been considered. Of the nine theatres which date from 1865 and earlier, Drury Lane and the Olympic alone remain much as they then were; the Haymarket and the Princess's have been entirely rebuilt; and the Adelphi, the Lyceum, the Royalty, the St. James's, and the Strand have been extensively altered and enlarged. In fact, one would probably be within the mark in stating that the West-End theatres of the present day will hold considerably more than three times as many spectators as their predecessors of 1865.

It cannot escape notice that this immense increase is confined to the West-End houses. The minor metropolitan theatres have advanced neither in number nor in importance in the last five-and-twenty years. The Grand at Islington and the Elephant and Castle are the only new buildings of any note; while, on the other hand, the City of London, the Victoria, the Grecian, the Effingham, and others are no longer to be found. In the provinces a few fresh theatres have been built, and many of the old ones have been replaced by newer and larger structures; but it may be doubted whether the aggregate of the extra accommodation thereby gained is at a rate corresponding with the increase in the population.

If we inquire why the West-End theatres have multiplied, in round numbers, threefold, while the minor London houses are fewer, and while little difference is discernible in the provinces, we can scarcely refer an advance which is at once so marked and so partial in its effect to the undoubted spread of theatrical tastes among all classes of the community, but rather to the improved facilities for travel which have placed London and its theatres within comparatively easy reach of innumerable residents in the suburbs, country cousins, Americans, and foreigners. The number and magnificence of the new hotels and restaurants which have been built within the last few years testify to the increase among us of a large floating population of pleasure-seeking strangers, while the network of suburban railways and the institution of matinée performances enable regular playgoers to reside fifteen miles or more from the centre of town. The change in the theatrical system of provincial theatres from stock to travelling companies, and the recent marked deterioration in the personnel of the latter, have tended to make many residents in country towns do most of their play-going in London.

We do not for a moment suppose that Miss Marie Wilton entered on management for any other than purely personal reasons. She wanted to play certain parts, and the only place in which she could hope to do so was in a theatre of her own. But that lucky star under which, with some justification, she considers herself to have been born could hardly have led her to begin her management at a date when a fresh departure in matters theatrical was more needed or more likely to prove acceptable. How this was we may show on a future occasion.

ERNST VON WILDENBRUCH.

A PLAYWRIGHT who in these days habitually writes five-act tragedies in blank verse, and, what is more, gets them acted, and, what is more still, does not ruin managers by so doing, but, on the contrary, puts money in their purses, is a phenomenon worthy of some attention. Ernst von Wildenbruch, it is true, is not the only German writer who continues to cultivate the poetical drama. Such incentives to youthful effort as the Schiller prize and the Grillparzer prize (both of which Herr

von Wildenbruch has carried off) would alone ensure that the Hof-Theaters should not be without a supply of new plays which are neither farces nor imitations of French originals. Unfortunately, most of these pieces serve chiefly to confirm Macaulay's remark that prize-poems are only fit to light the candles made out of prize-sheep, and even a manager with a State subvention in his treasury thinks twice before producing them. But, apart from the aspirants for laureate honours, one or another of the older dramatists from time to time commits a *Trauerspiel* or a *Schauspiel*, which is acted at Berlin or Dresden with just enough success to make the Germans believe that their dramatic poetry is not quite dead. Indeed, it would be hard to say that of a country in which Ferdinand Sarr still continues to live and write. But, as a general rule, those who write poetry do not "draw"; and those who draw, do it, even when their plays are presented in blank verse and labelled with the orthodox names, by a species of art not very much superior to that which informed *Claudian* and *The Lord Harry*. Herr von Wildenbruch is not only a better poet than most of those among his contemporaries who are able to get acted at all, but he is also a successful dramatist from the managerial point of view. An author who has seen four of his pieces produced at some six or eight leading theatres in a single season may certainly claim to have won the favour of the public. Captious critics, it is true, have hinted that the plays have not been successful entirely through their own merits. When Wildenbruch first came before the playgoing public four years ago with a whole budget of dramas, he was already rather a well-known man in Berlin society. He was a young Prussian diplomatist, who had been through the war of 1870, had written some patriotic verses about it, a more ambitious poem in the quasi-classical manner, and a novelette or two. He had friends and connexions in various influential quarters, and no enemies anywhere. But, though no doubt his path was made smooth for him in Berlin, it is absurd to suppose that any amount of social advertisement will induce people to go to see plays for which they do not care; still less that Vienna and Dresden would persistently patronize dramas not otherwise to their taste because they were written by a young gentleman who was popular in Berlin drawing-rooms. German audiences encourage Herr von Wildenbruch because they are really interested in his work; and this fact may, to a certain extent, be imputed to them for righteousness. If the countrymen of Schiller and Kleist are almost as fond of such works of art as *Der Bibliothekar* and *Der Raub der Sabinerinnen* (*Anglice*, "A Night Off") as the countrymen of Shakespeare, it ought at least to be remembered that the former will take something from living authors besides boisterous fun and the melodrama of the *salon* or the slums.

Herr von Wildenbruch's career as a dramatist dates only from the season of 1882, when he produced an historical tragedy called *Die Karolinger*, which was performed at the Meiningen Court Theatre with much success. He appears to have had a good many manuscript plays in his possession, for he followed up his first hit almost immediately by a drama, *Fathers and Sons*, and another called *The Menonite*, both of which bore reference to the Napoleonic era and the German "War of Liberation." Gentlemen who write historical plays in Germany have certainly one advantage which is denied to their English rivals, or would be if they had any. They can lay the scene in an epoch which is just remote enough to be picturesque, while at the same time it has sufficiently close relations with the present time to have something more than an antiquarian interest for an audience. In a German theatre, a reasonably good play on Blücher and Gneisenau and Schill and the events of 1806 and 1813 is sure of success beforehand; but he would be a bold man who should try to make anything for stage purposes out of Canning and Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington. Herr von Wildenbruch, however, does not always rely on the adventitious aid of patriotic sentiment. He gained a footing on the stage of the Berlin Court Theatre by his *Harold*, which treats of the same subject as Lord Tennyson's dramatic poem with the same title. Another play with an English name and an English hero is *Christoph Marlow*, which was brought out two years ago. His latest pieces, which include a comedy or two, are said to show some falling off, and have certainly been a good deal less successful in hitting the taste of the public. On the whole, nothing that he has yet done is more interesting than the two dramas which bear English names.

Herr von Wildenbruch's *Harold* is a much better play, if it is a much worse poem, than Lord Tennyson's spirited rendering of Ordericus Vitalis and Professor Freeman. One of Mr. Irving's friends has lately been telling the world that the great actor has made a dramatist of the Laureate. But even the manager of the Lyceum would find it difficult to turn Lord Tennyson's *Harold* into an actable play. It was written for the study, and as such it supplies, in parts at least, very good reading. The German *Harold* is written for the stage, and is a far simpler and less involved piece of work. The author has kept steadily to his object of making Harold, son of Godwin, a striking dramatic figure, and in obtaining this result he has taken liberties with English history which would be enough to drive the Regius Professor at Oxford into convulsions. He has deliberately mixed up the history of Godwin and that of his son so as to give an audience, not acquainted with the labours of Dr. Freeman, an intelligible reason for the feud between Harold and the Normans. Edward the Confessor is supposed to have banished Harold because of his share in the quarrel between Eustace of Boulogne and the citizens of Dover. On Harold's departure Robert of Jumièges and the

other Normans carry all before them, and even threaten the King with violence. Harold, however, returns, rescues Edward, expels the Normans, and is reconciled to the King. His brother Wulfnoth has been carried into Normandy, and in consequence of his mother's entreaties he goes to redeem him. This, it will be seen, is a much stronger motive for the eventful journey than that attributed to Harold by Lord Tennyson. In Normandy Harold falls in love with William's daughter Adela, and the Duke (Lord Tennyson more correctly calls him Count) proposes to heal the feud by the betrothal of the lovers. Then follows the famous oath. Harold believes he is only binding himself to help William to obtain Edward the Confessor's estates in Normandy. Speedily undeceived, he manages to escape from William's power by some means which are not very clear, and makes his way to England. The old King is dying; but before his death he causes Harold to be proclaimed his successor. The fourth act ends with the news that the Normans have landed, and Harold, battle-axe in hand, prepares to march against them at the head of the Anglo-Saxon host.

And if we fall, the ocean waves shall kneel
Their thundering dirge upon our funeral mound,
And beating round the coasts of all the world,
Bear the proud tidings through the centuries;
How that beside their King the Saxons went,
High-hearted and undaunted to their death.

The fifth act is a sort of epilogue. The battle of Hastings (Herr von Wildenbruch, the unregenerate, does not so much as mention Senlac) has been fought, and Harold's mother, Gytha, asks William for the body of her son. The Duke refuses till a seneschal enters with the news that Adela is dead with the name of Harold on her lips. William, struck with remorse, grants Gytha's request, and the play ends in rather ineffective fashion.

Christoph Marlow was a trifle less successful on the stage than *Harold*, though to an English reader it seems the better piece of the two. It must be admitted, however, that it contains some things which only a German audience could endure. Marlowe is represented as the *protégé* of a Cambridgeshire gentleman, who is occasionally called "Sir Walsingham." Instead of living quietly at home, Christopher has taken to poetry and wild courses, and is supposed to have been killed in the fight against the Spanish Armada. He comes back, however, on the very evening that Walsingham's daughter, Leonore, has betrothed herself to a neighbouring squire, Francis Archer. Leonore, though she has agreed to the match to oblige her father, is really in love with the poet. In the middle of the night Marlowe bursts into her chamber, and urges his suit so impetuously that she consents to fly with him. The impression of overmastering power and passion which Marlowe makes upon the girl's mind is forcibly given. Here is a fragment of the dialogue:—

Leonore. Thou art no man, art thou?

Marlowe. Why then, what am I?

Leonore.

Many years ago,
I saw a woman burnt that was a witch;
Who straitly said, that in the deepest night,
Before her eyes came One, who seemed a man
In form, but something mightier than a man,
And that was—

Marlowe. What?

O no, no, no—not so.

Leonore. Say thou'rt not he.

Not who?

Marlowe.

Leonore.

The Evil One.

The shock of Leonore's flight kills "Sir Walsingham," who dies imploring Archer to rescue his daughter and punish her betrayer.

The two remaining acts are full of boldness, not to say audacity. The scene shifts to London and "a Hall in the Palace." A certain new play, called *Romeo and Juliet*, has just been performed before the Queen, and has excited immense enthusiasm. The sensation is the greater because crafty manager Henslowe has chosen to conceal the identity of the author. There is a good scene in which Peele, Green, Lodge, Nash, and Ben "Johnson" (who, by-the-by, could have been at the outside about nineteen at this time) discuss the question of the authorship, which general opinion attributes to Marlowe. Presently that poet enters in a frenzy of rage at having been supplanted by an unknown rival.

Curse on them all! and curse this upstart here,
Who forced himself upon the gods at meat,
And from the banquet stole the crumbs that choke me.

Lord Hunsdon, the Chamberlain, is sent by the Queen to confer some signal mark of favour upon the supposed author of *Romeo and Juliet*, and Marlowe has to acknowledge that he is not entitled to the honour. A greater humiliation is in store for him. Leonore is enraptured with the play, which she has attributed to her lover. Marlowe bitterly tells her that he has deceived her. He promised that she should be the mate of "England's poet," and he cannot keep his pledge. Leonore declares that she needs only the man to whom she gave her heart; but the phrase rouses Marlowe to a fresh burst of jealous fury. It reminds him that he is no longer something more than other men in her eyes.

Go seek the wizard of Verona, girl,
Love me for all, or love me not at all.
Curse on the hour the Poet died in me,
And left me with this empty shell of Man.
I need no love divided and distraught;
I ask no alms. If I am beggared now,
I have the old mood of kingship in my heart;
And kings must die before they beg for bread.

All Leonore's attempts to soften him are unavailing; and the act

closes as Leonore falls senseless and Marlowe furiously invokes death upon his own head. In the next and final scene Marlowe is sitting in his garret beside the sick-bed of his mistress. Francis Archer forces his way in and challenges Marlowe to fight. The poet at first refuses, but at length is stung to desperation by Archer's taunts. In the midst of the combat the fainting Leonore calls upon her lover, and Marlowe turning his head for a moment is naturally run through by his opponent. As the hero falls his friend Green enters the room accompanied by William Shakspeare *in propria persona*. Marlowe dies, rapturously exclaiming that he sees Elysium and the mighty poets of the world before his eyes; and Shakspeare brings down the curtain with the line:—

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown.

It is a pity that this ludicrous piece of bad taste (which, however, was taken quite calmly by the German critics) should have been allowed to spoil the conclusion of what is in many respects a fine play.

Herr von Wildenbruch, with all his defects, his occasional lapses into bathos, and his "talkiness," which is sometimes excessive, is worth the notice of English students of the contemporary drama. Whether he would equally repay the attentions of English managers is more doubtful. Much of the success of his poetical dramas was due to his vigorous and forcible diction. Without being a great poet, Herr von Wildenbruch can write sound and strong blank verse. His lines are a little stiff, and pretty much the same, no matter who is speaking; but they are eminently calculated to sound well in the mouth of an actor who has studied elocution. The tradition of better days is so far maintained in Germany that a cultivated or even a "popular" audience will listen to a long passage in blank verse with keen and intelligent appreciation, even when it is the work of a living writer. Another quality of Herr von Wildenbruch, of which no doubt his managers greatly approve, is his knack of inventing situations which give frequent opportunities to a staff of well-drilled supers. This is as much an object at the best German theatres as elaborate scenery and artistic "sets" are with us. Their stage crowds, as all our critics had to admit when the Meiningen company was performing here, are trained and handled in a manner quite different from anything to which we are accustomed. How much Herr von Wildenbruch owes to the attractions of his style and his skill in leading up to picturesque tableaux and situations may be estimated by comparing his success in tragedy with his failure when he has attempted emotional comedy and drawing-room melodrama. In such pieces as his *Opfer und Opfer*, in which two sisters are represented as in love with the same man, while each is bent on resigning him to the other, he is at his worst. The "motive" is thin, and the scenes are filled out with sentimental talk instead of dramatic action. But, as a playwright who has succeeded in winning popular favour with poetical dramas and historical tragedies, he has gained a position in which he has few rivals at home and hardly any abroad.

THE SPORT OF KINGS IN CYPRUS.

CYPRUS, thanks to the fact that the Government has not as yet ever thought of taking the place in earnest, or indeed from any but a Treasury point of view, is not a prosperous country. The people do not grow rich, being, as a matter of fact, up to the neck in debt; trade remains undeveloped; sport with the gun is almost a myth; the roads are few, and even a tramway is as yet unknown; cricket can scarcely be said to exist; polo is played, it is true, but, excepting at Limassol, in a very spasmodic manner; nothing, in short, is found in the island that tells of itself of the presence of Englishmen, excepting a Legislative Council that annually performs a six weeks' farce, and two moderate packs of hounds. Of the Council it is not well to write, since to treat a gift from the Crown in an irreverent and satirical manner is not becoming of even an average Englishman. We therefore turn to the hounds.

To state as a fact what reads like the growth of fancy, if not a deliberate lie, is always a delicate matter; yet, in dealing with hunting in Cyprus, it must be stated that in the winter we hunt in the plains, and in the summer nearly 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. To instil a belief in the latter fact into the minds of even sporting sceptics is not possible by word of mouth or figure of pen; but the fact remains that what men in the Guards, the 60th Rifles, and other regiments, besides various true-hearted sportsmen in the service of the island Government, declared to be out of the question was, in 1886 and 1887, tried and found to be perfectly possible by a sporting surgeon-major who divided his time between tending the military sick and the Limassol pack.

To attempt to describe the Troodos country requires the pen of a Kingsley, we will, therefore, only say that for the last two seasons about six couple of hounds have had good sport after foxes and hares over a precipitous and broken country, studded with boulders and fallen trees, loose stones, and firmly embedded roots, that might fairly do duty in a mountainous district in Scotland or Wales. That such sport is possible is due, of course, to the facts that a hare will run more or less in a ring, that the ponies of Cyprus are very stout, and sure of foot, and that the ups and downs of the ground soon tire out both hares and hounds. As a rule, too, the hunting is slow, and to run long in view, of course, quite out of the question. Once only has a hare been

killed in a *bonâ fide* manner, and then she was killed in the early dawn of a September morning, the scent breast high, thanks to recent rain, after five-and-twenty minutes, with only a single check. In conclusion, it is only fair to state that out of a possible thirty, the field rarely if ever exceeded six, and that among that possibly foolish six was found a little lady, set. 10 one year and 11 the next, whose hands and seat and pluck would put many to shame in the Shires.

To descend from Olympian heights to the plains. The career of the Limassol pack has been chequered, and that this is so is due to the fact that the country is not propitious, and that the pack in itself is bad. Formed originally from drafts from the not very famous Nicosia pack, it had as a foundation a collection of hounds, each individually possessed of some vice condemned at once in a kennel at home, and each, as a general rule, deficient in nose, in pace, or in tongue. Still the pack has never actually ceased to exist, and, having passed through various hands, and having placed upon record a few legitimate kills and several illegitimate but exciting runs after goats, native dogs, loose horses, a black man, and a pig, it fell at last, in a very general and somewhat advanced stage of disease, into the hands of the Surgeon-Major mentioned above, who, working indefatigably at an apparently hopeless task, succeeded finally in producing a wholesome and well-disciplined, if from a purely hunting point of view, a comparatively valueless pack. But the old order of things, it is said, is now to pass away, and ten couple of good new hounds are to be imported at once by the Yorkshire regiment. Let the old give place to the new, the bad to the good.

The cream of the Cyprian Leicestershire is to be found at Nicosia, where for the last eight years a pack averaging eight couple strong has consistently shown, in the eyes of various masters, good and exciting sport. The country round Nicosia is open, and if all concerned in the sport only cared to continue the game, there is nothing to prevent their running for nearly forty miles east or west, six north, and twenty south. For any one who has hunted here a description of the country is not required, and to those who have not been out would be barely intelligible. That a trappy and heavy, bouldery and slippery, rocky, up and down hill, and in places very broken country, should be perfectly safe to ride over, and negotiable by the veriest child, is a fact in which only personal knowledge of the place can induce a belief.

The terrors of the "Roof the House," however, are real. Acres of smooth and slippery rock almost flush with the soil do not make at the best an attractive galloping ground; but when in wet weather its characteristics are intensified by the increased slipperiness of the rocks and the certainty of "pecking" in the moistened soil, when, in fact, while hounds are running, progress can be fairly described as a succession of sinkings and slides, then that the stoutest heart shall quail becomes a fact to be readily pardoned. It is not a little curious that this part of the country can be crossed with much greater safety by a pony wearing the flat, smooth, native shoe that covers the entire foot, than by one shod in the English manner.

That never-to-be-thoroughly-understood-in-this-world-at-least mystery, scent, is as difficult to solve in Cyprus as in other parts of the world; but as a general rule it lies well out here when the rain has once come down in earnest, giving us two months good, out of three months possible, hunting, two days a week, at 7 A.M. and 2 P.M., and an average record of 8 kills and 20 finds out of 24 meets. The hounds are heavily handicapped by the fact that the hares go to ground. Three times only since the pack was started have two kills been scored in a day, although a third was very nearly recorded on the last day of the season, when, after two kills, the hounds had to be whipped off in the dark when close upon a sinking hare.

Of the humours of the hunt much, of course, might be written. We tumble about little enough; but for this we have, as a rule, to thank our ponies, and not our legs, and the fact that fences can scarcely be said to exist. Last, the Cyprus Hunt is, without doubt, the worst-dressed Hunt in the world.

SINGING SOCIALISTS.

IT is quite a mistake to suppose that the Devil has all the good tunes. On the contrary, when he wants to provide his votaries with a budget of songs he is reduced to the miserable expedient of stealing from Dibdin, Braham, and many other composers of the highest respectability. Probably there is no reader of this *Review* who is not familiar with the trusted old air to which ex-Lord Mayor T. D. Sullivan set the vile doggerel he annexed to a sentiment as excellent in itself as it is atrocious in its actual connexion—"God Save Ireland." To go no further than twenty years back, it was then the sport of the barrel-organ, and was known to the music-hall public in connexion with words that might have been embodied, such was their exemplary propriety, in that section of the catechism which inculcates "My Duty towards my Neighbour." To this day it may be played to a British audience without a tenth of them having any suspicion of what it is intended to mean. Of one of the best tunes in the world—the "Marseillaise"—the Father of Lies is the undoubted proprietor; but even that requires fresh balderdash to be written in order that those of his adherents who speak languages other than French may take advantage of it.

The foregoing considerations cannot fail to suggest themselves

to any one fortunate enough to obtain a copy of a little book of songs entitled *Chants of Labour*, published by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., edited by "Edward Carpenter (*Science Lecturer*)," and written by Mr. William Morris, the aforesaid Mr. Carpenter, and a most astonishing collection of more or less (chiefly more) ridiculous persons, of whom some—such as "Johann Most (*bookbinder, journalist*)"—have been heard of before in one way or another, and others—such as "Tom Maguire (*photographer*)"—now make, for aught we know, their first appearance before an unsympathetic world. The songs in themselves—excepting one or two excerpts from Shelley and Burns—are merely dull. Some taste would appear to have been exercised in their selection, because Edward Carpenter (*Science Lecturer*) is so kind as to inform us in his preface that he has endeavoured by taking thought to suit the tastes of all likely purchasers. "Some of the songs are purely revolutionary, others are Christian in tone; there are some that might be called merely material in their tendency, while many are of a highly ideal and visionary character." It has not been thought necessary to ascertain how far this boast is justified. Our readers are welcome to detect any Christianity they can in the tone of the extracts which follow. Our business is rather with the adaptation of the manufactured verse to the conveyed melody than with its value as a vehicle for the utterance of thought. In order to derive artistic enjoyment from Edward Carpenter's publication, it is necessary to sing, or, as Mr. Gilbert would say, hum the songs to the well-known tunes allotted to them. Persons of cultivated musical taste will find this a pleasing exercise. It should be added that the little volume is enriched by two frontispieces—if there can be two frontispieces—from the fertile, if somewhat monotonous, hand of the Artist-in-Ordinary to the Cause, Mr. Walter Crane. The first represents an angel, with a Phrygian cap, a sternly decent and sufficient costume, outspread wings, and bursting stays, standing on a wall, with a tree behind her, and thrumming a harp. A navvy, a coal-heaver, a carpenter, and a casual wave their arms as they sing; a girl with a child on her shoulder shares one of their hymn-books, and the usual bag of tools divides the foreground, with a woman sitting on nothing, suckling an infant, and obviously saying to the carpenter, at whom she looks up indignantly, "Don't make a noise, or you'll awake the baby." The other is the usual design of a slightly-intoxicated navvy, bellowing, and waving his hat over the bag of tools as before, while in the background the sun rises (or sets), and a dilapidated bird flees in horror, casting a backward glance of apprehension at the disorderly man.

This is how Mr. "William Morris (*designer*)" sings that rollicking old tune "Down among the Dead Men":—"Come comrades, come, your glasses [of what?] clink; Up with your hands a health to drink—The health of all that workers be, In every land, on every sea. And he that will this health deny, Down among the dead men, down among the dead men—Down, down, down, down, Down among the dead men let him lie." Presumably on the erroneous assumption that that pretty air "The Wearing of the Green" is offensive to well-disposed persons, it has been "rushed" for two ballads. One is about "The Coming of the Light." The other is entitled "The Wearing of the Green." The latter goes better to the tune, but contains nothing more interesting than the statement that "when in search of liberty [*e.g.* from arrest to answer a bill found for murder] We've wandered to the West, Our thoughts will often turn to thee, The land we love the best! We never had been parted, With ocean spread between, But for the cruel law that bans The wearing of the green." It is difficult to see what merit this maundering has which is absent from the familiar lines about Napper Tandy and the distressful country. One of the finest songs in the collection is a "Hymn of the Proletariat." It is by Johann Most, and the tune of it is that famous march "The British Grenadiers." Here is the first stanza. (It may be well to repeat that, in order to appreciate it, the reader must sing):—

Who hammers brass and sto-one?
Who raiseth fro-o-om the mine?
Who weaveth cloth and si-ilk?
Who tilleth whe-e-eat and vine?
Who laboureth the rich to feed,
Yet lives himself-in-so-rest-ne-ed?
It is the men who to-il—
The Pro-le-ta-ri-at.

J. B. Glasier, an architectural draughtsman, contributes a satirical "Ballade of 'Law and Order.'" It is after the "Vicar of Bray." It goes like this:—

Some people may have different views
Of how best to enforce it,
Now Buckingham's opinion was
And firmly I endorse it;
"Of all the methods I have tried,
The hangman and the sword are
The stoutest means to propagate
Respect for 'Law and Order.'"

CHORUS.

Against all other principles,
Which truly most abhorred are,
Let every patriot invoke
The power of Law and Order.

The alleged Buckingham seems to have been a man of sense, but what on earth does J. B. Glasier suppose to be the distinguishing characteristics of a Ballade? There is a charming

song about the police to the tune of the "Lass of Richmond Hill." The burden is "Long live the good Police, Long live the good Police! Our gentle friends, our good kind friends, Our dear friends the Police." The concluding four lines of the last stanza would lose their point if they were not printed metrically:—

And if they step behind one day,
And clap you handcuffs on;
Be calm! and think, "This is a fa-
mous Insti-tu-ti-on."

So catholic are the Socialists in their tastes that they condescend to make use of even the tunes which they (and followers of Mr. Parnell or Mr. Gladstone) hate most. This is what they make of "Rule Britannia!":—

When tyrants trampled in their pride
The rights of men for gain of gold,
It was the voice of Justice cried,
Why should I now my wrath withhold?
Up, ye People! or down into your graves!
Cowards ever will be slaves.

Mr. William Morris contributes, among other gems, a song to the tune of "John Brown." He asks, "What is this the sound and rumour? What is this that all men hear, Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near, Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear? 'Tis the people marching on." Chorus:—

Hark the rolling of the thunder!
Lo the sun! and lo thereunder
Riseth wrath and hope and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.

Among the more cheerful and jocund of these ditties is one by the venerable jingler of "God Save Ireland." It is to the air of "Here's to the Maiden." (Once more we must implore our readers not to read merely, but to sing.) It is called "Dear Ireland." Here is one stanza:—

Here's to her brave men who do and who dare!
Here's to each beautiful lady!
Here's to her daughters so good and so fair!
And here's to her Hayes and her Brady!
Chorus the strain!
Swell the refrain!
And pledge to dear Ireland again and again!

In words adapted to the singularly felicitous strain of "Lillibulero" J. Connell tells the "workers of England" that "Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters, In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far," and explains that, for his part, he cannot understand why they do not "rise in their might" and "bear it no longer." "Know ye not, comrades, that all is your own?"

The best song in the book is nearly the last. It begins, to a well-known air:—

'Twas in Trafalgar Square
A dreadful sight was there
That filled my-y heart wi-ith pain
[pop-a-tom-pom-pom]
[pop-a-tom-pom-pom]
[pop-a-tom-pom-pom].

It is hard to have to confess that this is a fraud. The dreadful sight was not the capture of Mr. Cunningham Graham, or the special constables, but only that "Crouched on the seats all round, And stretched along the ground, Were men and women seen" in the summer nights last year. However, at the end of the ballad, "G. Clark (*porter*)" plucks up spirit. A day will come, and with it a fight, and—

When comes the fight we'll lead the van, De - mos ex-
pects that ev - e - ry MAN That day wi-ill do hi-is
du - ty. That day wi - ill do hi - is du - ty.

A PROPHECY AND AN OMEN.

AH me! 'twas passing sad to hear
Of Battersea's poetic martyr,
On whom the Surrey Coronere
Held inquest at the "Star and Garter."

He "had his faults," M'Ew-n had,
As had the Robertsonian Eccles;
But, if you take him good with bad,
Those spots will seem the merest freckles.

He was a "very clever man,"
According to his near relations;
With tenor voice, and thoughts that ran
On literary associations.

And he had written "Joiner's Chips,"

And sent a copy, as a feeler,
To one whose trade in wood outstrips
The trade of every other dealer.

And *he*, by correspondents taxed
(Though few, indeed, from him can boast card),
His strict reserve so far relaxed
As to reply upon a post-card.

"Sir," the distinguished writer said,
"Pray let me for your verses thank you;
I find them very spirited,
And warmly hope that I may rank you

"With those spectators of the strife
We wage whose fortune blest and glorious
'Twill be, in no long span of life,
To see our principles victorious;

"And hail our triumph on that day
When Justice shall at last effect it—
With these I hope to count you—nay,
Most confidently I expect it."

But ah! the sightless minds of men!
Et corda nescia futuri—
Read but this prophecy, and then
That verdict of the Crouner's jury!

For they have found—such trick in store
Had Fate, that jester diabolic—
Both that McEw-n is no more,
And that his end was—alcoholic.

And superstitious folk, we know,
May form the ominous conviction
That fatal consequences flow
From Mr. Gl-dst-ne's benediction.

And they may think that what befel
The hero of this tale distressing
Will overtake the Cause as well,
The co-recipient of the blessing.

For both with stimulants have plied
A constitution weak and hollow,
And since the one has promptly died,
We look to see the other follow.

REVIEWS.

TUTTLE'S PRUSSIA UNDER FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

WE sincerely trust that it may be the good fortune of Professor Tuttle before long to carry to an end the execution of the arduous task of which the most difficult, though not perhaps the most attractive, portion stands accomplished in the volumes before us. They form, so to speak, the middle passage of his book; and though a faint ambition might well quail at the enterprise of narrating once more the history of the Seven Years' War, while the foreign affairs of Frederick's later years were almost as full of problems to solve as were the domestic of responsibilities to meet, yet it is the earlier part of the King's reign in which he and his ambition themselves constituted the central problem of European politics. In minor matters Mr. Tuttle is unusually blameless. Nothing could be more satisfactory than his all but unflinching correctness in the spelling of geographical and other personal names; nor have we often made acquaintance with a work more free, so far as our knowledge serves us, from faults of negligence and disfiguring slips. It may be our own mistake to have stumbled at the statement that on the medal struck to commemorate the *Huldigung* to Frederick II. at Königsberg in 1740 there appeared, for the first time, the title "King of the Prussians," and that the assumption of this form of title gave most offence at Warsaw, seeing that West Prussia was still a province of the Republic of Poland. We happen to be without present means of access to the authorities cited by Mr. Tuttle on the point; but it is well known that at the time of the coronation of Frederick I., in 1701, it was to quiet the susceptibilities of the Poles that he took the title of King in Prussia (*König in oder zu Preussen*), instead of that of King of Prussia, although in his circular letters to some of the foreign Powers he indulged himself in the designation of *Rex Borussiae*. When the latter style came to be definitively adopted is nowhere, we believe, very distinctly stated, and probably the process was gradual; but the form of "King of the Prussians," if it was actually used on Frederick II.'s medal, must have been quite transitory.

Such matters may justly be deemed trivial in themselves; but a conviction of the general accuracy of an historical writer in points of detail is the best passport to confidence in his treatment

of more important matters; while, contrariwise, in the domain of historical as of other scholarship, the people who make the false quantities will usually be found the readiest to "leap o'er all eternal truths," and to entertain a corresponding contempt for the facts which they find in their path. Now the historian of the troubled times which intervened between the outbreak of the first Silesian and that of the Seven Years' War peculiarly needs surefootedness among the "unveracities"—in other words, among the heartless and shameless violations of public and private good faith—with which this chapter, more perhaps than any other of modern political history, even including that of the earlier Napoleonic era, abounds.

But for a really satisfactory political history of the period ending with the great change in the relations between the leading Powers that announced itself in the Treaties of Westminster and Versailles something was needed beyond well-instructed caution. Mr. Tuttle's remarkably wide command of the archive literature of his period and of the innumerable recent elaborations of special portions of its history make him a safe guide, who fortunately thinks it unnecessary to stray too far into the flowery by-paths of personal characterization. Yet he brings the personages of his rapidly changing action vividly enough before us, without seeking to emulate Mr. Carlyle in a field where he was indisputably master. With the aid of Grünhagen, to whose labours we are pleased to find him pay the tribute of special acknowledgment deserved by them, he distinguishes very clearly the military capacities by which Frederick was served or opposed in his earlier wars; and he is not less successful in his narrative, likewise enlivened by many effective personal touches, of the diplomatic history of the age. Thus the reader is, without excess of effort, familiarized with the unscrupulous pretensions and the still more unscrupulous tergiversations of Frederick II. himself; with the wily astuteness of Kaunitz, personally a self-indulgent libertine, but content to wait the better part of six long years, patiently tenacious like a revolutionary conspirator, for the consummation of his audacious diplomatic scheme; with the inherent weakness of the French policy, which, after ceasing to be even nominally controlled by Fleury's nerveless hand, becomes a puzzle of conflicts between the Cabinet and acknowledged agents of Louis XV. and his secret instructions to those really in his confidence; with the sublime selfishness of Herrenhausen and the impotent nervousness of Count Brühl. But all these the historian would have studied and explained to very little purpose, had he not been able to prove himself possessed at the same time of a freedom of judgment looking beyond particular transactions and the personages engaged in them, in order to recognize the great historical forces which are at work and which are carrying to their issue the great changes rendered inevitable by antecedent causes, operating to-day through the despatches of diplomatists and to-morrow through the cannon's mouth. At the close of his narrative of the war of the Austrian Succession, Mr. Tuttle pauses—not unimpressively—to dwell for a moment on its results. He cannot gainsay the truth of the general impression that these results did very little justice, poetical or other, to the origin of the war and the motives of those who undertook it. Prussia, by a course of conduct which united in itself almost every variety of political treachery and disloyalty, had twice over, and for the present without much likelihood of dislodgment, secured her prize. Spain, though disappointed of Gibraltar, might at least regard the cession of Parma and Piacenza to the Infante Philip as a kind of equivalent. The House of Savoy, too, would not have been the House of Savoy had it not possessed itself of one or two additional leaves—very slight ones this time—of the artichoke. Bavaria was much less fortunate, although, as Mr. Tuttle generously observes, it had been "the most sincere and the most deserving of all the claimants to the vast inheritance of the House of Hapsburg." It is, indeed, difficult to think without some degree of sympathy of the Elector Charles Albert—the unfortunate Emperor Charles VII.—who had died, a broken-hearted man, a few months before the conclusion of the war. Frederick himself writes of him with unusual mansuetude as personally distinguished by nobleness of mind and an infinite kindness of heart; he was, he adds, gentle and charitable, but too easy. Mr. Tuttle, who speaks of Charles VII. with a certain severity that cannot fairly be described as unwarranted, has not, so far as we have noticed, referred to the unlucky prince's journals, published by Heigel, which give a very pathetic picture of his sufferings. The key to his character, and in some measure to his action, is probably to be found in his religious enthusiasm, which was of a kind not commonly associated with vigour and independence of mind. It seems hardly going too far to say that he thought it a religious duty, the neglect of which would entail very dreadful ultimate consequences upon himself, to prosecute, if necessary *vi et armis*, claims as to the justice of which he was perfectly convinced; on the other hand, he seems occasionally to have thought it mysterious that so many and earnest supplications were not more punctually granted. When he died he left behind him a message to his sorely-tried Bavarian subjects begging their pardon for the calamities his policy had brought upon his beloved native land, and it needed but a very brief pressure upon his successor to induce him to conclude the Peace of Füssen, and to make Bavaria, what she remained for a generation to come, a faithful follower of the House of Austria. But neither the humiliation which Bavaria had to undergo, nor assuredly the disappointment of the dreams of the war party in France, can be compassionated as unprovoked. As for France,

* *History of Prussia under Frederic the Great, 1740-1756.* By Herbert Tuttle, Professor in Cornell University. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1888.

the more one considers the parts played by her and her rival Great Britain in the War of the Austrian Succession, the more it seems, so far as they were concerned, to fall under the head of useless wars—the worst of all wars from a political point of view. At Aix la Chapelle Great Britain and the United Provinces, who had entered into this war on behalf of the Austrian Archduchess, settled the preliminaries of their peace with France in a separate treaty on their own account—an arrangement which surely furnishes a sufficient comment on their wisdom in entering into the struggle. “But,” as Mr. Tuttle goes on to say, “the most trying problem” connected with this peace and the struggle which it terminated “is still that offered by the misfortunes of the Queen of Hungary.” We entirely agree with him in his opinion as to the final judgment of history on the question whether or not she was the heroic “victim of an atrocious scheme of spoliation”; and we rejoice with him that the mass of evidence which under the loyal editorship of Arneht has come to light from the Vienna Archives, since Carlyle’s book was written, should make it impossible for an unbiased reader to refrain from casting in his vote on the affirmative side. But political history is not a melodrama in which injured virtue can depend on being rewarded in the fifth act; and when the motive of Maria Theresa’s policy became revenge, *quocunque modo*, and when the method of this revenge was suggested by Kaunitz, the scope of the action itself began to undergo a change. The truth, of course, is that the real cause for the radical unsettlement of the relations between the Great Powers which ensued was the disturbing element introduced into the European system by the self-assertion of the Prussian State. Mr. Tuttle refuses to shut his eyes to this, and thereby proves his capacity as a political historian. The question is not as to the unscrupulousness of the means employed by Frederick, which deserve unequivocal condemnation; nor as to the inner necessity of the immediate ends which he and his house proposed to themselves—to-day the Rhenish Duchies, to-morrow Silesia. It is not even as to the degree in which he and other Hohenzollern princes were awake to the mission which later patriotic historians and politicians have discovered to have been plainly before Prussia; though without any sympathy for these over-consistent interpreters we cannot go quite so far with Mr. Tuttle as to agree that

At any time before 1866, and in spite of the victories of Frederic, the union of Germany meant the subjection of the other States, including Prussia, to the house of Austria.

The root of the matter is simply this:—that the Prussian monarchy, though it might have been violently torn into shreds had the schemes of partition which its adversaries formed against it been actually carried into execution, could not otherwise be eliminated out of the European system; that the conditions of its growth had been such as, unless it were uprooted, made its development and advance certain; and that in the hands of a man of genius who fully understood his times that development and advance were certain to be rapid, and would infallibly have to be reckoned with. To acknowledge this is not to bow before the laws of force or of fatalist necessity, but to perceive the operations of the laws of life, with which politician and moralist alike have to deal. Thus, in our opinion, Mr. Tuttle wisely sums up as follows the character of the change which had come over Europe, when her chief States were once more on the eve of a general war:—

The Treaty of Westminster and the Treaty of Versailles completed the rupture of the other system, and substituted one that seemed condemned by all the lessons of history. For two hundred years the houses of France and Austria had regarded themselves as mortal enemies. . . . For nearly a century, too, the alliance of the naval powers with Austria, made necessary by the disproportionate growth of the power of France and the ambitious designs of its rulers or statesmen, had been a factor not less prominent and powerful. Nor can it be denied that these combinations served at many epochs the real interests of Europe. . . . And now the rivalry of France and Austria, which had saved the balance of power, and the union of the naval powers with Austria, which had made that rivalry efficient, were alike suspended, and a new system was introduced in Europe. The United Provinces retreated before the coming storm, and took refuge behind a timid though prudent neutrality. England sought elsewhere for the help which the Court of Vienna refused or delayed to promise. Finally Austria and France laid aside their enmities, clasped hands in friendship, and completed the diplomatic revolution. And of all this the explanation is to be sought in the sudden rise of Prussia. A State which, less than a score of years before, the old dynasties still regarded as a power of the second rank, as one of several principalities which were useful as auxiliaries and for making up grand military leagues, but had no independent power or position, and were not to be feared as principals—this State, lifted in two brief wars to a level with the most ancient empires of Europe, could now survey, as its own work, the ruins of a grand system of international politics which dated back nearly to the time when the Hohenzollerns first set foot in the Mark of Brandenburg.

We have no space left in which to discuss several points suggested by Mr. Tuttle’s treatment of a subject into the heart of which he may be said to have succeeded in penetrating. Another opportunity may occur for considering his contention that the Seven Years’ War was not a religious war—a contention to which it is, of course, impossible to refuse assent, but which is not tantamount to a denial of the significance which still belonged to the religious question in European, and more especially in Imperial, politics. Far more intimately than is usually supposed was the growth of Brandenburg-Prussia, from the days of the Great Elector onwards, associated with the support of the Protestant cause at home and abroad; the blind folly of the Saxon Electors in angling after the Polish crown hastened and strengthened this identification; and Frederick II. in this respect, too, had the

good fortune to reap what his ancestors had sown. Again, we should have liked to dwell on Mr. Tuttle’s very clear exposition of a theory which is being driven rather far by German military historians of the present day, but of the virtual truth of which little doubt can be entertained; that Frederick II.’s laurels of war are largely owing to the skill and promptitude with which as a tactician he redeemed his deficiencies—often his blunders—as a strategist. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable fact about Frederick’s victories is that they were gained by an army of which at least half consisted of aliens. Mr. Tuttle puts the case rather strongly when he describes this army as “made up of the worst elements of the Prussian population and of professional cut-throats, hired or stolen wherever they could be found.” But in substance it was with a force thus composed that Frederick the Great conquered for his monarchy a place among the Great Powers of Europe.

ROMANCE BY LAND AND SEA.*

AN author of the sixteenth century, or perhaps later, who is little quoted, has this sentence:—“Men use only to say grace at the beginning and the end of a meal; but in this use there is much abuse. For, albeit all good things deserve thanksgiving and praise unto heaven, there be many, such as the kissing of a fair maid and the reading of a good book, which better deserve it.” This is an excellent sentiment, and one with which we, for our parts, heartily agree. How much more then shall a man be thankful when in his reading he finds two good books together? though in the other case referred to by the author such duplication might lead to difficulties. Now Mr. Rider Haggard’s last, and Mr. Stevenson’s last, are both good books, and Mr. Clark Russell’s volume of “Marines” (in the French and the English sense both) makes a by no means bad third to them, though it is both slighter and more miscellaneous. On *Maiwa’s Revenge* we can imagine only one unfavourable criticism to be passed by a competent critic. For so small a book it may be thought that the purely sporting adventure of the opening bears rather disproportionate relation in point of size to the actual story of the revenge of Maiwa, the “War of the Little Hand.” Our old friend Allan Quatermain’s performances with woodcock and elephants might have made a fair episode in a book of the size of *King Solomon’s Mines* or *She*; but when they fill fully one-half of a booklet of two hundred pages, it looks, though for a different reason, as “unequal” as the class of grog in which the rum did not fill an equal space with the water. This, however, is a critic’s rather than a reader’s objection, and, after all, anybody who likes can skip the first century well enough, and plunge straight into business, just as the tall girl Maiwa lays certain scratched leaves before Macumazahn, the hunter, who has trespassed on the lands of the redoubted chief Wambe, in search of game. From this point onward there is no mistake about our fellow; and we do not know that, even in the book that first made him popular, Mr. Haggard has done better work. Maiwa is Wambe’s wife, and has vowed vengeance against him for the horrible murder of their infant child in a lion trap which the ingenious savage keeps (having captured it from a party of European hunters) for the purpose of torturing his well-beloved subjects and others. Among this hunting party one Englishman, partly that he might amuse Wambe by being tortured, and partly because he is useful as an armourer, has been kept alive, and it is he who sends Maiwa (she has escaped from her tyrant’s kraal on a religious pretext) to warn Quatermain of his danger, and invite succour for himself. The rest of the story is short and sweet. The flight before an impi of Wambe’s over the hills to Maiwa’s father, the chief Nala; the instigation of his tribe, a brave but small one, to attack the tyrant; the stratagem by which Wambe’s kraal is rushed, and the condign punishment of that worthy, are all told in Mr. Haggard’s best manner—that is to say, with very little attempt to be funny (there is a tragicomic man named Gobo, in the early part, whom we could have spared), with very little of Quatermain’s mannerisms, and with a quick succession of incident which keeps, so to say, the drum beating all the time. The capture of Wambe’s kraal is by no means a repetition of the fight that ruined Twala, or of the defence which just saved the White Queen from the Lady of Night. But it is hardly inferior to either, and Maiwa herself, though slightly sketched, is by no means a duplicate of Nylepha or of She. Only; they should have left Wambe in the trap.

Mr. Stevenson’s book, as he confesses, was written some years ago, which makes it perhaps rather invidious to say that it is an improvement upon a good deal that he has published since. But such is the case. If it is not in any part so good as *Treasure Island*, it is lengths ahead of *Prince Otto*; while when we think of the Mr. Stevenson who can describe the skirmish where the “Black Arrows” pick off the luckless detachment of men-at-arms, or the aimless but exciting voyage of the *Goodhope*, who can draw the really remarkable outline sketch of Richard of Gloucester which the latter part of this book contains, and then remember that he is the same Mr. Stevenson who has since talked volumes to American interviewers and in American newspapers about

* *Maiwa’s Revenge*. By H. Rider Haggard. London: Longmans. 1888.
The Black Arrow. By R. Louis Stevenson. London: Cassell. 1888.
The Mystery of the Ocean Star. By W. Clark Russell. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

the caddishness of Lockhart and suchlike things, the reflection is a little melancholy. Let us, therefore, shake it off, and give heed rather to that admirable, though at first sight profligate, advice of Mr. Leland's to

Get troonk among de roses,
And lie soper on de straw.

In other words, to take the good things as enjoyingly and the bad ones as hard as may be. *The Black Arrow* is a good thing, though by no means a perfect one. Mr. Stevenson has not hit—we are not very clear that any one except Scott, Dumas, and sometimes Kingsley, has hit—the extremely difficult mean between exaggerated archaism in the dialogue of an historical novel and complete disregard of the difference between ancient and modern speech. His “y’ares” and “y’aves,” though doubtless accurate enough for the fifteenth century, are too frequently repeated, and jar a little. We notice, moreover, here and there that same inability to round off, or carelessness of rounding off, a story which appeared in more than one of the *New Arabian Nights* and was conspicuous in *Kidnapped*. The central character of *The Black Arrow*, the head of the company, the good genius of the hero Dick Shelton, is a certain outlawed Ellis Duckworth, whose feud with Sir Daniel Brackley really serves as base to the whole story. Yet we get the most shadowy idea possible of this Duckworth, of his exact grievances, of his character, of the way in which he contrived as “John Amend-all” to make himself a greenwood company, of the fashion in which that company was dispersed, and so forth. He appears, *deus-ex-machinisly*, when he is wanted, and then disappears like a kind of greenwood Kühleborn, though he is a man of mould. There are also one or two rather too close imitations of Scott. “I saw one man valiantly contending against many, and I had thought myself dishonoured not to give him aid,” which Dick says to his terrible namesake of Gloucester, is uncommonly near to Roland Graeme’s reply to Lord Seyton. *The Black Arrow*, however, is good from more points of view than one. To the critic it recommends itself as a very well-seized picture of the welter of the Wars of the Roses, where one party would be triumphant in the morning and flying for their lives at even, where men changed sides (if they were not hanged too soon) as often as Fortune, and where for the last time in English history (the Great Rebellion affording only a very partial revival of the condition) the whole country knew, and sickened itself once for all, of the “state of war.” Further it is—though in parts, as has been said, an over-archaized—a very well-written book, freed by the same conditions which give it this archaism from the more irritating affectations of Mr. Stevenson’s buttonholing style, and abounding in passages of description clear, simple, and strong. Lastly, it is a capital boy’s story, and some outline of it may be given from this point of view, for an historical novel is never the worse for an argument.

Richard Shelton, otherwise Dick, who plays the part of hero, at it would seem, the rather early age of eighteen, is the son of Sir Harry Shelton and the ward of Sir Daniel Brackley, who is shrewdly suspected of having got possession of his ward and his ward’s property by foul play towards the father. But Dick is sufficiently attached to his guardian, and even to his guardian’s chaplain, factotum, and (so say evil tongues) accomplice in the murder of Sir Harry, the priest, Sir Oliver Oates. The story opens in the early middle, if we may so say, of the Wars of the Roses, and in a district which appears to be the Northern fens or the marches between Norfolk and Lincolnshire. At the very first the outlaw system, which tempered in fiction, and even in fact, the tendency of mediæval arrangements to tyranny, appears. A “black arrow” shot out of the invisible kills an aged henchman of Sir Daniel’s who is just about to start on an errand of his master’s; and a rude scroll announces very distinctly that the same fate is reserved for the priest Oates, for Bennet Hatch—Sir Daniel’s squire, or at least bailiff—and for Sir Daniel himself. The Captain Moonlight in question signs himself “John Amend-all”; but before long he turns out, as we have said above, to be a certain Ellis Duckworth, whom Sir Daniel has deprived of his land and his civil rights, and who has got together a fair enough fellowship of desperadoes, the Company of the Black Arrow. At first Dick does his guardian’s hests loyally enough; but accident, and the warning of friends as to the suspicions attaching to his father’s death, estrange them. Moreover, Dick meets a lad who turns out to be a girl, Joanna Sedley, also a ward, and kidnapped by Sir Daniel from her lawful guardian, Lord Foxham. With her he falls much in love, and becomes a Yorkist (Sir Daniel, for the nonce, is Lancastrian), a Free Companion for a time, and then a vigorous and lucky commander under Richard of Gloucester, from whom he wins knighthood by his sword and a quick cessation of favour by his chivalrous inability to follow Richard’s ruthless courses. Of the exact process of the story, which ends in orthodox fashion with marriage bells, we need say nothing. But seldom were more hairbreadth ‘scapes crowded into something over three hundred pages. Mr. Stevenson has here observed with scrupulous punctuality Thackeray’s description of the kind of book he should like if he were a boy. There are some love-scenes, but they are not elaborate; for Joanna and Dick (though Dick does treat the young lady rather roughly while he thinks she is a boy) fall in love quite at first sight, and the flirtations of Alicia Risingham, a lively young person, who is a friend of Joanna’s, are *pour rire* only. But something is happening in the way of a fight, a rescue, a siege, an escape, or an ambush all

through the book, and there is even a sea adventure, as well as scores of land ones. The most ambitious of the minor characters is a certain Lawless, a Friar Tuck subdued to the times and habits of Villon, who has much merit; and, as we have said, the character of the Crookback is sketched (with hints from Shakspeare, no doubt) in a distinctly powerful manner. If Dick is rather a chucklehead, that is the way of modern heroes of romance, one does not quite know why. And, if the defects of the book were much greater than they are, we should welcome it as a proof that Mr. Stevenson can still produce, or at least publish, healthy work, spontaneous and straightforward and wholly free from the abhorred tar-brushes of affectation and marivaudage. Pitched in the century of which, if we exclude the very darkest of the Dark Ages, almost less is known as regards actual human character than of any other since the beginnings of Greek literature, the sketch is necessarily a little vague and a little colourless here and there; but the sweeping current of adventure saves it. It is not quite Scott, but it is James of the best kind, and better.

It may seem hardly fair to match Mr. Clark Russell’s book with these, which are both in their different ways finished stories. *The Mystery of the Ocean Star* is a mere collection of tales, sketches, and even articles. Among these, however, are some which are by no means unworthy of the hand that drew *The Frozen Pirate*. As in that book and elsewhere Mr. Clark Russell has not unfrequently overdone description à la Mr. Black. It is rather odd that a man of Mr. Russell’s undoubted gifts should give us so much stuff like this—“the sky a hard pale blue, brightening into the needle-like scintillations of new tin as it swept out of a bald brassy dye round about the sun to the sheer white dazzle of the luminary.” Any governess, undergraduate, or journalist just out of the gutter can reel you off that kind of thing by the furlong if required; but then the governess and the undergraduate and journalist can do no better, and Mr. Clark Russell can. He has the real faculty of the “yarn,” whether burlesque and comic, as in the so-called “Longshoreman’s Yarns,” and others, or more or less serious, as in the title story—a very well told tale of a derelict—in the “Extraordinary Adventure of a Chief Mate” on an island suddenly upheaved and as suddenly swallowed again by an earthquake, in the “Luminous Sailor,” a really gruesome compound of a true crimp story and a practical joke. The papers, which partake more of the article kind, on “Sea Songs,” and a large number of other subjects, are much more unequal, and even at their best of lower value. But the “yarns” proper are good yarns, well spun of right thread.

COLSTON’S GUILDRY OF EDINBURGH.*

THE author of this volume has discussed the origin and history of several Scottish gilds or guilds; but his main object is to prove that the Guildry of Edinburgh is a corporate body. It seems that the Town Clerk and the Town Council have persistently denied that the Edinburgh Guild has been properly incorporated, and Mr. Colston is determined to show to the world that it has. As far back as 1817 this highly interesting question occupied the attention of a Select Committee of the House of Commons for twenty-four sittings, under the chairmanship of Lord Archibald Hamilton, the second son of the ninth Duke of that name. It was made clear to the Committee that the Guildry of Edinburgh had existed as, and was really a corporation, and that the Dean of Guild and his Council had enjoyed the privilege of admitting members to the same in perpetual succession—a power of co-optation or election which of itself argued the existence of a corporate body. Unluckily the Guild was then at issue with another body—the Town Council—of which the Dean of Guild was a member. The Town Council, if we may believe the statement made by Lord Cockburn in *Memorials of his own Time*, was a packed body, “silent, mysterious, and irresponsible.” It had somehow got control of the funds. It allowed no free discussion. It was under the rule of the Dean of Guild, who paid no attention to the complaints or remonstrances of his Guild brethren, and stoutly refused to call a meeting to consider any proposals of inquiry and reform. Still more unfortunate was it that the Select Committee of the House of Commons was unable to pronounce any decision as to the right of the claimants to regulate their own affairs and administer their own funds, for the simple reason that the very point in dispute had then been referred to the Court of Session; and, the tide of ill-luck still setting against the Guild, the case was given against them by the Lord Ordinary, Cringletie, who came to the conclusion that the term Guildry applied originally to the merchants of the whole kingdom, and that those of Edinburgh had never been formed into a Corporation. The judgment, which is given at length, and is termed “Copy, Note, and Interlocutor,” does not appear to us lucid or conclusive; while to crown the series of mischances the case was never carried to the Inner House. Mr. Colston quotes an epigram not very favourable to the judicial character of the Lord Ordinary, which may bear reproduction:—

Necessitie and Cringletie
Tally to a tittle,
Necessitie has nae law,
And Cringletie as little.

* *The Guildry of Edinburgh. Is it an Incorporation? With Introductory Remarks concerning “Gilds,” and an Appendix.* By James Colston. Edinburgh: Colston & Co., R. Cameron, W. Brown, and E. & S. Livingstone. 1888.

This epigram is attributed to John Clerk, known to Scotch lawyers as Lord Eldin. He was the eldest son of John Clerk of that ilk, and the brother of William Clerk, so often mentioned in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. John Clerk, the elder, having a fervent enthusiasm for antiquities, was often played upon by his eldest son, who, having a great turn for art, used, so Lockhart tells us, "to manufacture mutilated heads, which were buried in the ground," and then, after an accidental discovery, "were received by the laird as valuable accessories to his museum." The amusing scene in the *Antiquary*, where Edie Ochiltree ridicules the Prætorium of Oldbuck, had its origin in an incident of this kind at the residence of the Clerk family.

Several details regarding the Constitution of Scottish Guilds are likely to be more interesting to antiquaries and scholars than the question whether the judicial decision we have referred to was right or wrong. Mr. Colston finds a Danish origin for the term Gilde or Gild. It means first a feast or banquet, and then, by an easy transition, a guild or corporation. Writers on this subject divide guilds into four classes—the family, the religious, the mercantile, and the trades. Scotland was behind England in date in setting up these societies; and by common consent the first guild was established, with its statutes, at Berwick-on-Tweed. Trade by itself never became a guild in Scotland. There was always, if we can credit Mr. Colston, a clear distinction between merchants and tradesmen or craftsmen. And it is easy to understand that the relative privileges of these classes led to much acrimonious discussion and to actions at law. At the peace of 1815, after Harry Dundas had ceased to rule political elections and the affairs of Scotland generally with his rod of iron, there were no less than sixty Royal burghs in Scotland, and in each of these the Town Council chose its own successor. It was owing to the aggression and usurpation of this latter body over the Guilds that the privileges of guild brethren fell into abeyance, and that the Lord Ordinary, acting on imperfect information, ruled them out of existence.

In antiquarian research of this kind the appendices are often as valuable as the text. The statutes of the good town of Berwick, fifty-one in number, are full of suggestive matter. Fines and penalties in pence, pounds (Scotch), and casks of wine, were imposed on erring and offending brethren. There were provisions against assaults and abusive language, wrangling, carrying pointed knives, mutilation, committing nuisances at gates or on walls, and placing dust or cinders on the highway and on the banks of the Tweed. No one was to speak in any cause brought before the Guild unless he were the pursuer, the defender, or the advocate of either party. Any burgess who had effects worth ten pounds was bound to keep a horse worth at least forty shillings. If a prohibition against grinding wheat, mixed grain, or rye in handmills were strictly enforced, we must presume that this domestic machinery was only to be used for barley. There were severe penalties against forestalling and regrating. Herrings were not to be purchased from a ship in the offing or at anchor. The ship must lie on the sand or shore before any bargain could be made. Even then, the purchaser of herrings was bound to let any neighbour buy from him, at the price already given, as much as might be required for his household. Purchasers were obliged to wait until goods had arrived at the market-place before buying. They were not to buy or sell within Bridge of Tweed, in the Briggate, or beyond the gates of the town. Obviously this was on the Cornish wreckers' principle that all should have a fair start. Similar absurd restrictions extended to the purchase of wool. A burgess could employ one servant, and no more, in such dealings. No butcher was allowed to journey beyond the town for the purpose of buying any beasts that might be coming along the road to what is now called the "fat-market," between Martinmas and Christmas. The penalty for contravening this particular statute was expulsion from the calling for a year and a day. Practically, enterprise and energy were confined and crushed by all sorts of penalties. Strangers might not sell hides at houses, but only in open market and on market-day. Two mills were not to be possessed by any one. Burgesses were not to deal with each other for less portions than a half-quarter of skins, half a "dacre" of hides, and two stones of wool. Brethren who neglected to attend meetings for the transaction of business before the bell ceased tolling in the belfry were fined twelvepence, and it is almost needless to state that no one was allowed to conspire against the brotherhood, or to do anything to "disintegrate" it. Mr. Colston notes that he has had some assistance in the translation of the Berwick statutes, which are couched in mediæval Latin. We do not doubt that *forisfacta* means forfeits, that *placitatus* is placed, and that by *bona super* and *deterius subquam* it is intended that articles were to be as good below as they seemed to be on the surface. But surely this translation of the following statute cannot be correct:—"Statuimus etiam ut fratres hujus Gilde in dispositione testamentorum, tertio loco, quod eis liberit de parte eos tangente, huic Gilde delegent; nisi ex negligentia fuerit orissum ita quod aliquod legent." The translation runs that "the Brethren of this Gild, in the disposition of testaments, in the third place, shall assign after what is distributed to them of the part belonging to the Gild, lest through negligence it be omitted to do what is required." This is rather *obscurum per obscurius*. We think the law must mean that, in making their wills, the brethren, thirdly, were bound to leave to the Gild, at their discretion, some portion of the common property in which they had an interest, unless, owing to some omission or negligence, they had no portion of the common

property to leave. There is no punctuation in the original, and the meaning is not very clear; but it seems reasonable that, if a brother had any share or part in the common property, he was bound to leave some, if not all of it, to the Gild. Again, of the words "Nullus habeat nisi duo paria molarum" such a translation as "No one shall possess unless two pairs of mills" is not up to the fifth-form mark. It is indisputably, "Nobody shall have but two pairs of mills." Lastly, "die Sabbati proximo post festum sanctæ Trinitatis" must mean "the Saturday that comes next after Holy Trinity Sunday." The translation has it ambiguously, "on the day nearest to the Sabbath (Saturday) after the feast of the Holy Trinity." However, we readily admit that the precise interpretation of this barbarous jargon would have made others beside Quintilian "stare and gasp."

The bye-laws of the Guild Court of Edinburgh are written in broad Scotch, and are not nearly so voluminous as those of Berwick. There is a good deal of sense in one proviso that, on the election of a new council, the old Dean of Guild should continue for another year, in order that the incoming councillors "may be the better informed of things done by their predecessors." Absence of councillors from the Tuesday meeting "at two hours of the afternoon" was punishable by an "unlaw," or fine of six shillings eight pence; and the Dean, if absent, had to pay "twice as meikle" as an ordinary councillor. The business appears to have consisted in the decision of disputes between neighbours, and in making laws and statutes for the town, subject to the approval of the Provost and Bailies. The councillors had also, like the ancient *Ædiles*, to regulate all measures, "pint and quart, peck and firlo, with the elvines and with the weights of pound and stone."

Some fifty pages of this work are taken up with the Guild disbursements from the year 1554 to the middle of the last century. Mr. Colston was fully justified in printing them *in extenso*. They appear to have been copies of the original accounts which were laid before Lord Archibald Hamilton's Committee. The Dean and his colleagues discharged functions which are now divided between the Guardians of the poor and the members of divers Benevolent Societies. They relieved decayed burgesses, their wives, bairns, and servants, and "uther poor in-dwellers of the town." There are repeated entries of money, clothes, and supplies bestowed on the needy and the sick. Pensions were allotted to the most deserving cases. Funeral charges were defrayed. A preacher of the Gospel in the Skinner's Hall received 25*l.* "for several great and weighty reasons"; an expression which seems to cloak an amiable piece of mild jobbery. One Andrew Sands, who had lately captured a pirate on the high seas, was rewarded with money, and "his offences, which are great, are remitted." This was in 1574. Piracy seems to have been a common offence then, for an embassy or deputation was sent to Queen Elizabeth for remedy and relief. Betty Bilingual was given the sum of 18*l.* on condition of her giving no more trouble to the city, and sums were advanced to various individuals to enable them to emigrate to Ireland, London, and even to Virginia. In the matter of James Ford, merchant, it was very prudently ruled that the sum of 1*l.* 10*s.* sterling, to defray his expense to London, was not to be paid until he was actually going on board of his ship. The pensions of two women were not unreasonably rescinded; of one because she married, and the other because she went into hospital. We conclude the extracts by noting the exact sum of 45*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.* paid to the surgeons for curing the persons wounded in the "Grass Mercat" on the 14th of April, 1736, at the execution of Andrew Wilson. This can only be the occasion when Jack Porteous ordered his men to fire on the mob. And in the very next year we find an entry of 3*l.* paid to "Isoble Gordon, relict of Capt. John Porteous." Readers of Scott and of Lord Stanhope's *History of England* (vol. ii. p. 298) may remember that, in addition to the above trifling relief, the old cook—for that had been Mrs. Porteous's original calling—received the sum of 2,000*l.* from a fine imposed on the good city of Edinburgh. An extract from the writings of Lord Kames on the Government of the Royal Burghs closes a volume which does credit to the research, judgment, and industry of the author.

GOSSE'S CONGREVE.*

THERE is one charge occasionally brought against new lives of great writers which cannot be made against a *Life of Congreve*. No man can say that it is superfluous, and a mere repetition of what has been as well or better said before. Mr. Gosse has written the first book on his subject. Whether he can be said to have made any other superfluous will depend on the view the individual judge takes of the nature of superfluity in literature. It is at least a probable opinion that nothing is really unnecessary in letters except bad writing, and it is permissible to be prepared to welcome another *Life of Congreve*, if only the author will make it good, and has a view and a character of his own. Mr. Gosse in the meantime keeps the lists with a book which it will be difficult to beat. A captious critic might quarrel with him over the use of a term here and there. We do not, for instance, clearly see why he invented Orange dramatists and Orange poets as a subdivision of the Restoration men. The old classification may not have been strictly accurate, but it was

* *Life of Congreve*. By Edmund Gosse, M.A. London: Walter Scott, 1888.

familiar and sufficient. Besides, the adjective immediately suggests a loyal and Protestant gentleman from Ulster engaged in uttering counterblasts to the Songs of the Nation. Again, he is surely using the word in an unduly wide sense when he speaks of Collier as a Puritan. It is enough to make that typical high-churchman and Jacobite turn in his grave. In this case Mr. Gosse has rather retranslated a word from the French than used it in its proper English sense. M. Jules Lemaitre may call M. A. Dumas fils a *Puritan*, and be entitled to his paradox; but a Puritan was a man of a particular combination of parties in Church and State, to none of which did Collier belong or even approach. But such matters are for the captious only to quarrel over. Mr. Gosse has given a full account of Congreve's life and a carefully thought-out estimate of his works, and these are the weightier matters of the law.

The purely biographical part of Mr. Gosse's work cannot in itself have been very attractive to do; for Congreve was the typical man of letters in nothing more than in the uneventful course of his life. It does not add to our knowledge of him to learn that he was not so well off in youth as had been supposed, or that official promotion and pay came slower and later than one had thought. Altogether, he seems to have taken the wise advice to hide his life—or possibly he was one of those perfect men who are a limited, uninteresting sort. The most lively incident in his career—his share in the great "Immorality and Profanity" debate—was purely literary. Mr. Gosse's review of this fiery controversy seems to us thoroughly sound and complete. He does not yield "to the natural desire of a biographer" to give his man more glory than he deserves. On the contrary, he acknowledges that the wit was routed by the divine, and is fully just to Collier. He even goes to the extreme limit of compliment when he credits Collier not only with having cured the disease of dramatic literature, but with having presently killed the patient also. Jeremy Collier was a master of the broadsword; but neither he nor any man could have killed a literature which had real vitality. Why this power to live was wanting is, *pace* M. Taine, a question too probably incapable of satisfactory answer. It will, we are afraid, remain a mystery why, in spite of every encouragement to work for it, English literature has turned from the stage. The thing has happened, and that is all we can say. It would be possible, without too much paradox, to maintain that the separation had really been effected before the rise of the Restoration comedy itself. Whatever is brilliant in this part of our literature is what is not dramatic. It is the work of clever men determined, mainly for business reasons, to write for the stage, but with nothing to say which might not have been better said in other ways. Dryden's own definition of a play is a prophecy of the English novel. Men working in this fashion could only produce something altogether artificial—a mere fashion. The differences between them are many and obvious; but it would require no great outlay of ingenuity to show that the Restoration comedy and the Spanish drama touch one another at many points. Both were brilliant rather than strong; both aimed, not at giving a picture of real life, but at playing an ingenious literary game according to certain well-understood rules. A generation or two exhausted the taste for the amusement; all possible combination of the pieces had been made; and then came the inevitable neglect. If we turn to the records of the game now, it is to enjoy the skill of the players. Congreve and Calderon alike (here again is an opportunity for the Plutarchian parallel) were such consummate performers that they are worth watching on paper—though one would hardly care to see them on the stage. Would *Love for Love* or *The Way of the World* gain by being seen in the theatre? Would they not perhaps even bore a little? Nothing, or nothing possible, is being done, and so much is being said, and so well, which one would rather linger over than hear said and then left behind. Mr. Gosse dwells rightly on the consummate literary quality of the work, and on the abundance of Congreve's wit. As a writer of "polite conversations," in Swift's sense and all senses, he never had his equal. It was a pity that luck and habit condemned him to work under the innumerable restrictions, social and literary, imposed by the stage. It is futile, but pardonable, to wish that Congreve had been able to work for that "free theatre" which can dispense with coherence of action and development of plot. With that freedom and a little stronger leaning to the study of real life, what a dialogue picture of the time he might have left—something in the style of *Gyp*, but with more blood in its veins!

BRITISH GRANITES.*

THIS book contains information both theoretical and practical. It is far from being bulky; but it would have been better if still smaller, provided that the author had been content to abstain from the scientific and restrict himself to the professional side of his subject. The study of rocks at the present time is perhaps the most difficult branch of geology, because it demands not only careful work in the laboratory, but also extensive experience in the field; and in regard to it an expert alone is competent to decide on the value of evidence, so that the subject cannot be learned from books nor a conclusion be formed by the most un-

wearied searcher in libraries. This being so, the study seems to exercise a siren-like fascination on every one who can purchase a microscope or even carry a hammer. In short, Petrology or Petrography, as it is variously called, appears to be claimed by geologists in general as a kind of playground on which the labourer in other fields may recreate himself by giving free play to the scientific imagination; to be regarded as a branch of research where the assertion of the merest tiro is of equal weight with the deliberate judgment of the matured student.

In accordance with this principle, Mr. G. F. Harris, who, though a Fellow of the Geological Society, has not, so far as we can learn, added to the bulk of its publications, "has a good time" upon that difficult question, "the Geological History of Granite." A few observations of his own, a few quotations of varying value—one of the most vital being from a geologist whose observations on that particular subject have been discredited—and we are provided with a theory for the edification of students. Here it is:—

We are led to the conclusion that all such highly crystalline rocks have been formed at considerable depths from the surface of the earth, that being the only place where such enormous pressure could have been exerted. Now everybody knows that moving pressure causes heat, and the enormous pressure exerted by the overlying rocks, side-pressures and thrusts in mountain regions, would, therefore, result in tremendous heat at no very great depth within certain parts of the earth's crust. This heat would be sufficient to melt any known rock, and that it actually does melt is proved by the gradual alteration by heat exemplified in many of the rocks, the upper portions of which have been denuded or worn away (as will be referred to later on), and which are thus bared and raised to the surface for our examination. These rocks, as we have before stated, are known as metamorphic, and it has been demonstrated that there is a very gradual passage from certain of them through gneiss to granite; and we must therefore conclude that granite in the vast majority of cases is the result of extreme metamorphism by heat, and that it has therefore been, once at least, in a molten condition.

The opening sentence, doubtless, all would accept, when once its grammar has been made clear; for, as worded, one would suppose that the seat of greatest pressure was the surface of the earth. The second clause of the final conclusion we are not inclined to dispute; but between this head and tail there is a middle wherein is ample room for question. For instance, that elevation of temperature would result from increase of pressure on a mass of rock is indisputable, but that in nature the pressure is or has been applied so as to result in "tremendous heat sufficient to melt any known rock" is an inference, not only without foundation, but also opposed to many known facts. So far as we can ascertain these thrusts and stresses acted with extreme slowness, so that their result would only be a very moderate elevation of temperature; while a great body of evidence exists which indicates that whatever heat might be generated was wholly inadequate to melt the adjacent rock. For instance, in south-west England, in Brittany and in parts of Scotland there are masses of rock which have been nipped and folded, which have been exposed to a pressure so tremendous as to produce local crushing, yet these have only undergone a microscopic modification of their mineral constituents, and give no sign at all of melting, properly so called. Similar evidence is furnished on a yet more striking scale by the Alps. Here, it is true, are huge masses of crystalline rocks, to which, we suppose, Mr. Harris would appeal as evidence of the melting down of sediments; but these of late years have been proved to have attained in all important respects to their present mineral condition long before the existing mountain ranges were produced; while the sedimentary rocks, which underwent the thrusts and compressions of this process of mountain-making, exhibit hardly any signs of alteration other than mechanical. Further defects might be noticed; but it may suffice to say the book will hardly be successful in fulfilling the intention announced in the preface, as being "designed for the assistance of those who, being commercially or professionally interested in the granite industry, desire to look at the rock from a geological point of view."

The author also, in touching upon scientific questions, seems to have taken little pains to acquaint himself with the literature on the subject. For instance, in alluding to the granites and syenites of Charnwood Forest, he states that they have been "shown by Mr. Hill and Professor Bonney to have been distinctly intrusive in Silurian slates." These authors, in the paper to which a reference is given, state that the crystalline rocks are distinctly intrusive in the slates; but, in regard to the latter, while inclining to correlate them with the Borrowdale series of the Lake Country, they remark, after a summary of the evidence, that the geological age, whether it be this or one rather anterior to the Cambrian, must be "regarded as still *sub judice*," while in later papers they have abandoned the supposed Lower Silurian date. On another page, also, in dealing with the rock of Bardonia Hill, Mr. Harris attributes to one of these authors an opinion as to its structure which had been published without his authority, and which in the above-named series of papers he had expressly disclaimed. We may further add that Mr. Harris's account of the quarries to the south-west of Leicester is very incomplete.

As a rule, however, the practical part of the work appears to us distinctly better than the theoretical. The author has evidently been at considerable pains in acquiring information about the chief districts in which granites or rocks allied to them are worked, and gives a useful summary of their distinctive features, though not always in particularly good English. In one chapter he describes the principal quarries of Devon and Cornwall, the materials from which have not seldom been employed in

* *Granites, and our Granite Industries.* By George F. Harris, F.G.S. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1888.

important structures in the metropolis; in another, the beautiful porphyritic granite from Shap Fell, which may be seen in the posts before the western façade of St. Paul's Cathedral—though we think it misleading to term this rock a hornblende granite, since, as a rule, the amount of that mineral is extremely small. The other granites or allied rocks of the Lake District, though not without some local importance, are passed over in silence, while a mention is made in one section of such heterogeneous rocks as the felsitic-like rock of Bardon Hill, the enstatite-diorite of Penmaenmawr, and the basalt of Rowley Regis. Why the last should be quoted, and that of Pouk Hill, near Walsall, and the Cleve Hill, in Shropshire, should be omitted, is difficult to understand. The owners of the last-named quarry will surely protest, for a very few years since their waggons, in bold defiance of all geological accuracy, bore (and may still retain) the inscription "Clee Granite Company."

A chapter is devoted to the granitic rocks of the Channel Islands. Of these, considerable quantities were formerly exported from Jersey, but, though the stone is of excellent quality, the quarries are now to a great extent abandoned, or worked only for local purposes. The author is of opinion that the chief reason for this neglect is the difficulty of shipping the stone. No good harbour can be found near the quarries, and "the nature of the coast forbids the approach of ships in which the stone could be loaded except in the calmest of weather," so that it must be sent either to St. Aubin's or St. Helier's, "a process which materially adds to its cost. Guernsey, however, is more fortunate, a large quantity of stone being exported from St. Peter Port and St. Sampson's Harbour, the former place shipping 17,782 tons, and the latter 197,000 tons in the year 1885. Herm, Sark, and Alderney also supply granite."

A full notice is given of the Scotch granites, with some of which, notably the red variety from Peterhead and the grey granites from near Aberdeen, the yards of dealers on the south side of the Euston Road have made Londoners familiar. Many of these granites are of excellent quality, and the author calls attention to the less familiar, but very beautiful, granite obtained at the Ross of Mull, which has been used in the great columns at Blackfriars Bridge. Another chapter is devoted to the Irish granites, of which the author appears to have little personal knowledge. Here his inability to discuss critically the scientific questions to which he refers renders his account very deficient in clearness.

Information is also given as to the modes of working adopted in the various quarries, and the work concludes with some remarks on the application of granite to economic purposes, such as road-making and building. The author recommends that it should be more frequently employed for structural purposes in large towns, since it resists the corrosive action of the polluted atmosphere better than most freestones. For many purposes, as he points out—such as warehouses, wharves, &c.—granite of an inferior quality might be used, which could be obtained cheaply, because the owners of quarries have to clear it away in order to win better stone. This rock, at first hardly any dearer than a freestone, would be ultimately economical, because it is far more durable. It must, however, be remembered that the use of granite for general purposes in building is attended with some drawbacks. The difficulty of working the stone puts a prohibitive price on ornamental detail; and even when it is attempted, as in the well-known instance of Launceston Church, it is necessarily shallow, though curiously distinct and effective after its own fashion, in execution. Further, the grey granites are cold and poor in colour; witness the "granite city" of Aberdeen on a sunless day, especially in the spring season. This, however, can to some extent be avoided by a judicious arrangement of rocks of various tints, in the style of building which is so much favoured in Florence, Venice, and other Italian towns; while the employment of polished granite for columns and other leading architectural features, as can now be seen in many parts of London, produces excellent results. It needs only a glance at such buildings as the façade of the St. James's Restaurant in Piccadilly or the Midland Station at St. Pancras to see that polished granite should alone be employed for external decoration in London, and that to use marble is to throw away money.

THE ROYAL HOSPITALS.*

IT is possible that Bishop Ridley would not have liked to be responsible for all the consequences of his famous sermon before Edward VI. The immediate result of it was the appointment by the Lord Mayor of a sort of Committee, like a Mansion House Council of our day, to inquire into the condition of the poor and the best way of improving it. Their report attempted a classification into "three degrees" of those who needed help or "correction." There were (1) "the poor by impotency," i.e. "the innocent and fatherless," for whom "the house that was the late Grey Friars, but is now called Christ's Hospital," was founded; (2) "the poor by casualty," for whom were provided the hospitals of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew; and (3) "the thriftless poor," i.e. "the vagabond, idle, and dissolute," for whom Bridewell was designed to be a discipline and a terror. It was a tolerably comprehensive programme, and the two foundations

which are called hospitals, in the more exclusive and modern use of the word, have more than fulfilled the intentions of the founders. It is when we come to the two "hospitals," in the ancient sense, that we find the widest departure from the idea to which they owe their origin. How far the Grey Friars' School has gone astray may be judged from the fact that it was evidently the intention of Sir R. Dobbs and his colleagues that the school should be for the same class of society as the hospitals of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew and the House of Correction and "Occupations" at Bridewell. It would hardly be maintained that this is the class which is benefited by Christ's Hospital now. It may be doing better and more needed work, but it is not doing what it was established to do. The divergence of Bridewell is so great as to amount to a transformation, but it is a defiance of the "pious founders" which no one will regret. With a wise audacity the pious founder has been flung over altogether, and instead of the House of Correction, with its arbitrary arrests, with its disorder and misrule, with its demoralization of prisoners, its floggings, and its "scavenger's daughter," its funds are spent on educating five hundred children (boys and girls). These boys and girls are taken up when the elementary schools drop them, and trained, by a life half learning and half working, to be artisans and servants, soldiers, sailors, handsmen, and gardeners. At sixteen they are sent out to earn their living after spending three years in being taught how to earn it. The Governors of Bridewell are the pioneers of technical education. The girls' school is by Bethlehem (Bedlam) Hospital in the Borough, and the boys' in the beautiful country near Godalming, where they make their own clothes and shoes and do all the work of the house and grounds. But this most satisfactory sight suggested a question to the Governors of Bridewell, Why are the girls not taken into the country, too? Of Christ's Hospital we need say nothing at present; for similar transmutations and transmigrations are in its case now seriously proposed, and not to be discussed offhand.

Mr. Copeland, the Treasurer of Bridewell, has told the unvarnished tale of his hospital from the unimpeachable records of contemporary documents. He does not extenuate its many defects or its worse excesses, and he is naturally proud of the new life of his old foundation. Those who read his pleasant and candid story (which he has presented in a most attractive form, and illustrated with instructive little woodcuts of the old prison and its surroundings) will get a notion how many interests Londoners miss for want of knowledge. No. 14 New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, looks very like—but not quite like—some of the great offices about it, but it represents the Eastern *Arx Palatina* of the City of London; it represents the royal palace where Henry VIII. and Katharine waited for the issue of the divorce-controversy, and the prison satirized by Pope and Swift. It was already an ancient site when Charles V. lodged at the monastery of the Blackfriars, when barges went up to Holborn Viaduct, and when granaries stood on the wharf where the Fleet ran into the Thames.

THE PILGRIM REPUBLIC.*

AS Mr. Goodwin unfortunately did not live to see this book in print, his manuscript has been seen through the press by a member of his family, who has added several "notes, current facts, and presumptions." It would have been more satisfactory if these editorial additions had been distinguished by some mark. A vicious note about Queen Elizabeth (p. 5) would probably have been softened if the writer had consulted Camden's *Annals*; and "Folthorp," for Tolethorp, the birthplace of Robert Browne, the Separatist, and "Middleberg" should have been corrected by the editor as obvious misprints, though it is evident that the author was not well acquainted with Browne's career. Mr. Goodwin's volume contains a minute account of the early years of the Plymouth Colony down to about 1635, and a more cursory sketch of events between that date and the formation of the New England Confederation, after which the history of the "Old Colony" ceases to have any continuous interest. Next we have a series of biographical notices, then a record of the dealings of the Government with the Quakers, and, lastly, the story of Philip's War, while a long appendix is devoted to matters connected with social life. The book, while chiefly founded on Bradford's *History*, displays an intimate acquaintance with other sources of information, and is evidently the work of one who regarded his subject with enthusiasm. Looked at, however, as a piece of historical literature, it appears to us to lack proportion, and to be too generally laudatory of the Plymouth colonists. A vigorous attempt is made to prove that they were not exclusive. It is, of course, true that church-membership was not formally demanded as a qualification for citizenship, and that some of the settlers, like Standish, for example, were not "of the separation." But it is equally certain that the London partners considered that the religion of the colonists hindered the growth of the colony, and that Roger Conant withdrew from Plymouth because he disliked the "principles of rigid separation." In their treatment of the Quakers the Plymouth men were far less severe than their neigh-

* *The Pilgrim Republic: an Historical Review of the Colony of New Plymouth.* By John A. Goodwin. Boston: Ticknor & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1888.

* *Bridewell Royal Hospital, Past and Present.* By Alfred James Copeland, Treasurer of the Royal Hospitals of Bridewell and Bethlehem.

hours of Massachusetts Bay; they did not put any Quakers to death; and, though they whipped and expelled several of them, it should be remembered that the disorderly conduct of some of the early members of the sect provoked sharp measures of repression. Nor did Plymouth take any part in the persecution of alleged witches. The first accusation of witchcraft was made by a woman against one of her neighbours. The husband of the accused at once instituted a suit for slander, and, as the General Court sentenced the slanderer either to confess that she had spoken falsely and to pay costs, or to be publicly whipped and pay a fine, witch-searching was much discouraged; indeed, only one other woman was accused of witchcraft, and she was acquitted. In speaking of the war with Philip, Mr. Goodwin points out that the settlers had, as a rule, been scrupulously honest in their dealings with the Indians, and had always paid for the land they occupied. While this is true enough, he does not make sufficient allowance for the feelings of irritation that the most strictly lawful dealings on the part of a civilized community must necessarily arouse in savages who find themselves continually losing land, and forced to remain within certain defined districts. The Indians taken in the war, and among them Philip's son, were sold into foreign slavery. This step was condemned by Church, the brave and generous-hearted captain of the Plymouth forces. As a sort of half excuse for it, we are reminded that many of the captives taken at Bothwell Bridge and Sedgemoor were treated in the same way, and a like kind of defence is made with reference to some other matters in which the conduct of the colonists is worthy of blame. Now there would be nothing to be said against this line of argument if those who adopt it would speak of the separatist and Puritan refugees as men in most respects of much the same character as, we will not say James II., but the average run of their fellow-countrymen in England. But, if they are to be set up as saints, we have a right to judge them by a higher standard. Several instances will be found in different parts of the volume of the barbarous and degrading punishments inflicted by the "Pilgrims" and their immediate descendants, who publicly whipped women as well as men for various offences against morality. We believe that Governor Winslow, one of the "Pilgrims," who seven weeks after his wife died married a woman left a widow only twelve weeks before, was president of the Court which sentenced poor Dorothy Temple to a cruel and shameful punishment for unlawful maternity. While speaking of this judicial iniquity in fitting terms, Mr. Goodwin nevertheless says that "the men of Plymouth had reached a higher degree of humanity than most other communities." Their penal legislation, even as it is represented here, points to a different conclusion.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S, CANTERBURY.*

A CONVENIENT handbook to the history of the College over which Dr. Maclear presides has long been wanted. Situated close to the metropolitan Cathedral church, on a site identified with the earliest traditions of English Christianity, St. Augustine's College, even in ruins, was an object of unceasing interest. The remarkable beauty of the buildings, and especially of one of the gates, was proverbial. Veneration of this kind did not, however, preserve them from desecration; and Dr. Maclear quotes a bill now preserved in the College library, which shows to what base uses they had come in 1836. The site is called "Old Palace Gardens," and the proprietor advertises that they are to be lighted with nearly two thousand variegated lamps, and partly arranged for a dancing place, for singing, and for gymnastic exercises. These attractions do not seem to have succeeded, and in 1843 the ruins had been turned into a brewery, to which a tavern and billiard-room were annexed. "Two pilgrims" wrote to a Church paper in an inflated style in the autumn of that year, as follows:—"Those walls which once resounded with solemn chant and swelling anthem, now re-echo the wild, fiendish revelries of the bacchanalian, or the maddening curses of the gamster." This is strong language, and was not, it is said, deserved by a quiet and well-managed pothouse. But a pothouse it was, and undoubtedly that fact alone was disheartening to any ardent Churchman. In the same month in which the letter above quoted was written Mr. Beresford Hope happened to visit Canterbury, and was much distressed at the state of the ruins. Without any very definite purpose, except their preservation, he purchased the whole site; and, shortly afterwards falling under the influence of Edward Coleridge, who was then a master at Eton, and who had "views" as to the foundation of a Missionary Training College in England, he was persuaded to undertake the restoration of the Abbey "to the same missionary objects for which it was at first founded." Mr. Butterfield was chosen architect, and probably a better choice could not have been made at the time. There were architects living then—and the race is not extinct—who would have undertaken the work in another spirit, who would have destroyed one-half of the existing remains as savouring of Perpendicular, and the other half by way of "conjectural restoration." Happily, very little work of this kind was carried out at St. Augustine's, and the

new building, though incorporating as much of the old as was habitable, left the distinction between new and old perfectly clear. "At length," says Dr. Maclear, in describing the progress and completion of the work, "Thursday, the feast of S. Peter, 1848, was definitely fixed upon, with a close regard to the appropriateness of the day, for this revival of the old religious house of S. Peter, S. Paul, and S. Augustine."

The Abbey of St. Augustine at Canterbury is chiefly memorable, historically, as the great rival of Christ Church, the nearly adjoining cathedral. Augustine himself enjoyed the joint titles of abbot and archbishop. The Abbey was completed and consecrated under the third abbot in 613. Adrian, the seventh abbot, was of African birth, and came to England as companion and adviser to the Greek Archbishop Theodore. Between them these great men established the famous school and gathered the learned men of England about them, one of their scholars being Albinus, who supplied Beda with the Kentish portion of his ecclesiastical history. The rivalry between the Cathedral and the Abbey began with the contest over Archbishop Cuthbert's body, which the monks of St. Augustine wished to bury beside the bodies of his predecessors in their church. The monks of Christ Church had buried it in the Cathedral before their rivals arrived in procession to claim it. The same contest occurred when Bregwin died, and Jambert, the abbot, arrived at the Cathedral with soldiers. "Finding, however, that the monks of Christ Church had repeated the stratagem which had succeeded so well in the case of Cuthbert, he complained loudly of the injustice, and appealed to the Pope for redress. Admiring his courage, or hoping in this way to settle the dispute between the rival abbeys, the monks of Christ Church elected Jambert archbishop, and all his successors were buried there." Dr. Maclear makes the most of the scanty records which connect the abbots with the missionary efforts of the time, and we might almost gather from his language in one place that St. Boniface was sent to the Germans from Canterbury. As a fact, however, very little is known about the first thirty-nine abbots except their names, or about the fortieth, Ulfric, except that, like those of his predecessors who have left any mark on the page of history, he was constantly engaged in seeking the aggrandizement of himself and his house. St. Augustine's escaped the Danish ravages, and though treated at first with some hardship by William, found in its first Norman abbot a great benefactor, who by his influence with the King and the Archbishop obtained additional privileges for the abbey. His name is given variously as Scotland and Seoland. He died 1087, and can scarcely therefore have obtained the aldermanship of Westgate, which was held by successive abbots down to the Dissolution, just as the prior of Holy Trinity, Aldgate, was alderman of the ward of Portsoken, in London. The Abbey was at great cost entertaining the kings and princes who all through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were coming from and going to the Continent; and the reputation of St. Thomas at the neighbouring church must have diminished that of the older saint, whose head, adorned with jewels, was exhibited to the faithful. The old disputes with the archbishops were constantly renewed, and at a feast given to Edward I. the Archbishop, with his "great crozier," was only admitted under protest. Banquets were, indeed, a special feature of the characteristics of the Abbey, and Dr. Maclear is obliged to chronicle many. The last abbot was John Essex, who is said at first to have shown a spirit of resistance, for which the buildings had been well adapted before the invention of gunpowder; but tradition says that two pieces of ordnance on a neighbouring hill overawed the monks, and in July 1538 St. Augustine's Abbey ceased to exist.

After the Dissolution the magnificent domestic buildings were found convenient as a royal resting-place on journeys between London and Dover; but the noble church was destroyed in great part, and the graves of the abbots desecrated. Cart-loads of treasure were carried away. Cardinal Pole obtained a grant of the site, and for a time the hand of the destroyer was stayed, and Queen Elizabeth celebrated her birthday there in 1575. James I. granted it to his Minister, Salisbury, at the rent of 20*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Like St. Albans, St. Augustine's suffered under the depredations of licensed treasure-seekers, and everything was disturbed and turned over which could possibly conceal plate, jewels, or vestments. The destruction wrought at Canterbury was hardly as complete as that in Hertfordshire, and some of the finest remains were allowed to stand until 1822, when cannons were employed to batter down Æthelbert's tower. After Charles I. had kept his honeymoon in "the palace" it went rapidly to decay. Lady Wotton, the widow of one owner, lived in it during the rule of the Commonwealth, and is commemorated by the name of the Green before it. The house was twice plundered, "and a great portion of her effects were taken away and sold by order of the State, and one large picture of the Passion of Christ was publicly burnt by order of the mayor." Lady Wotton died in 1658, and the estate with the Abbey, which comprised about 1,000 acres of the "Old Park," as it was called, descended to her daughter, who married Sir Edward Hales. "So little," says Hasted, writing in the first year of this century, "is the veneration paid at this time to the remains of this once sacred habitation, that the principal apartments adjoining the gateway are converted into an alehouse, the gateway itself into a brewhouse, the steam of which has defaced the beautiful paintings over it, the great courtyard is turned into a bowling-green, the chapel and aisle [sic]

* *St. Augustine's, Canterbury: its Rise, Ruin, and Restoration.* By the Rev. G. F. Maclear, D.D. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co. 1882.

of the church on the north side into a five-court, and the great room over the gate into a cock-pit." It was rescued, as we have seen, from this state of degradation on the extinction of the Hale family, by the munificence and public spirit of Mr. Beresford Hope, and we may thank Dr. Maclear for a very interesting little volume and the narrative of an enterprise commendable alike from a religious and an antiquarian point of view.

FRANCE AND THE CONFEDERATE NAVY, 1862-1868.*

THE "international episode" which Mr. Bigelow tells three times over in this little book is the attempt made by the Confederate agents in Europe to build in and bring out of French ports a squadron of war-ships. When we say that the author tells it three times over we do not wish to be understood to accuse him of needless repetition. It came most easily, and on the whole most naturally, to him to tell the tale, first as it looked to him, then as it looked to Messrs. Slidell and Mason, then as it looked to Captain Bullock. A more direct and dramatic narrative might have been made, perhaps, out of this subordinate portion of the great Civil War; but Mr. Bigelow never repeats exactly the same thing. He was very well placed to know the truth, as he was first Consul and then Minister of the United States in Paris during, and for some time after, the Civil War. Mr. Bigelow promises to write without undue animosity, and is entitled to the credit of having kept his word in the main. He cannot be expected to approve of the doings of Messrs. Slidell and Mason and Captain Bullock, or of the Europeans who encouraged them, but he does not go beyond disapproval to abuse. Once we find him noting, with an appearance of satisfaction which is not magnanimous, the fact that the French shipbuilder M. Arman, who was so wicked as to construct rams for the Confederates, died bankrupt and broken-hearted. Once, too, he more than hints that some of the Confederate agents turned a little money on the cotton loan. But these are exceptions. As a rule, he quietly takes it for granted that the Confederates were wicked men doing according to their kind, and omits comment. The story is not in itself very remarkable. It is known that Mr. Slidell and Captain Bullock tried to construct rams and cruisers quietly in France. The criminal secret, as Mr. Bigelow puts it, was too powerful for the vessel. It burst out as all criminal secrets do. Put into sober business English, this means that a clerk in the employment of M. Voruz, one of the French shipbuilders, seeing an opportunity of making a little dirty money, sold his employer's secret to Mr. Bigelow for twenty thousand francs. The American Consul—this was Mr. Bigelow's rank at the time—made the best use of his information. With the help of Berryer, he contrived to force the Emperor to take measures which stopped the escape of all the vessels except the *Stonewall*, which got out too late to be of any use to the Confederacy, and was surrendered to the Spaniards at Havannah. Most of the story has been told before. Mr. Bigelow has retold it mainly because he wishes to prove that Napoleon III. played fast and loose in the whole business. He shows clearly that the Emperor allowed, or even encouraged, Mr. Slidell to begin building the ships in France, on the understanding that the work was to be done quietly and without causing scandal. When the treachery of the clerk made concealment impossible, he refused to embroil himself with the Federal Government. It was a line of conduct eminently characteristic of Napoleon III. He was just the man to encourage French shipbuilding in this way, to try whether a little double dealing could not help his own extraordinary Mexican adventure, and then to run away at a pinch. Mr. Bigelow's virtuous indignation is natural, but a little young. We notice with some amusement how continually the Confederate agents claim the sympathy of the civilized world. The phrase has been used in another connexion of late, and appears to have acquired weight since 1864 in the United States.

AN AMPLIFIED LOG-BOOK.†

IT is curious to observe the growing tendency exhibited by the present generation to fly into print on the smallest provocation. The most trivial journey is regarded by the traveller as a proper vehicle wherein to convey a variety of ill-assorted information that is already to be found in the pages of every guide-book, together with such trite remarks, small witticisms, and insignificant personal incidents as may suggest themselves to or have befallen the author. The little volume under notice belongs eminently to this category. It is possible to conceive of a most estimable person whose favourite reading should be found in the pages of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; and stories have been told of men who could pore for hours over the columns of an English dictionary; but we never even heard of an individual so insatiable for knowledge as to seek it in the curt entries that record the movements of a ship at sea. Yet many pages out of 112, of which the book is composed, are devoted

by "One of the Crew" to details that can possess no earthly interest to any one after they have passed away. We quote, as an example, the following:—

At 12 noon we made out the lighthouse, Mondego Point, bearing south, three and a half miles off. At 4 in the afternoon, wind W & S, Mondego Point was bearing north-east ten miles. The course was then altered to S.W. and by W., as the tide was fast setting us on shore. During the afternoon we got a little breeze and passed the dangerous Berlins, taking the inside passage about 1 A.M. on Thursday morning. Later on the wind dropped, and at 12 we were lolling about on the top of a big swell, making no way, abreast of Cape Roca, only four miles off.

Now we appeal to "One of the Crew" and ask him if such an extract as the above can afford the slightest aid, information, or amusement to himself, or to any one else, even the most intimate friend? And such passages might be multiplied by a score in the volume, interspersed with little personal anecdotes that possess interest to none but the writer's immediate belongings. Half a dozen lines are sufficient to chronicle the voyage of the *Chiripa*. She sailed from Plymouth in April, 1885; crossed the Bay of Biscay in a smart gale, which brought out all the best qualities of the little yacht; called in at Vigo, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Algeiras, Ceuta, and Tangier, returning to England after an absence of seven weeks, thus enabling her owner to keep an appointment made in London before starting. The descriptions of the places visited are somewhat meagre, but accurate as far as they go, and the most amusing anecdote in the book is to be found at page 59, when the *Chiripa* is anchored off Tangier. Here they accepted the services of one Hadj Cadoz Sahla, "a magnificent Oriental-looking gentleman," as guide and interpreter. As the boat approached the landing-place this worthy gave the Englishmen the following advice:—"Now, gentlemen, when you get 'shore you do what you like; you knock, kick the people, you do what you wish." This is delightfully Eastern.

"One of the Crew" is very wroth at the careless random fashion in which steamers run riot over the high seas, and loses no opportunity of venting the indignation with which the misdoings of these vessels fill his breast. At the end of the volume is an appendix containing a list of the various yachts and other sailing craft that have been run down by, or come into collision with, steamers during the last thirteen years, together with the number of lives lost (if any) in each case. And here we think the true *raison d'être* of the book appears, the author using the cruise of the *Chiripa* as a peg on which to hang his complaints against the reckless navigation of a certain class of steamers. With all that he says here we unreservedly agree. The punishment inflicted on skippers found guilty of culpable rashness is wholly inadequate, and the subject is one which deserves immediate attention at the hands of the authorities. If "One of the Crew" takes up his pen again in the cause of his fellow-yachtsmen and the poor fishermen, who are the principal victims of these unnecessary collisions, we trust that the misdoings of the steam-launches that run amuck on the Thames and other rivers will fall within the scope of his purview.

SOMERSET CHANTRIES.*

AN interesting contribution to the ecclesiastical history of the sixteenth century will be found in the new volume of the Somerset Record Society, which contains the Survey, made in the second year of Edward VI., of the Colleges, Chantries, Free Chapels, Hospitals, and Fraternities in the County, together with the Rental of their Lands, a document supposed to be unique; for, though similar returns must have been made in other counties, the Somerset Rental is the only one known to be extant. In going through the Survey it is impossible not to be struck by the heavy loss that the inhabitants of rural districts must have sustained in the suppression of these lesser religious foundations. The number of the clergy was greatly diminished; and the dwellers in outlying districts were deprived of the opportunity for worship which they had formerly enjoyed. In the large and scattered parish of Wedmore, for example, where the "partakers of the lord's Holy Supper," the adults of all classes, were returned as "M. perones," there were, besides Blackford with its Free Chapel, "xij several villages, wherein the said number of people dothe dwell, having sondry chapells annexed, for their ease of Dyrine service, some three myles from the paryshe church," while besides the vicar there were three incumbents of small foundations. The chaplains and chantry priests, though generally not men of learning, are in almost every instance said to have been "of honest conversation." If hatred of old superstitions served as an excuse for the wholesale destruction of houses of God, it could not be alleged in defence of robbery of the poor, of the "vj poore lazare people" who were maintained in the Hospital of St. Margaret at West Monkton, and of the poor of Taunton, who were relieved out of the funds of the Fraternity of the Holy Cross. The blow did not come unexpectedly. Various proceedings during the last reign had shown that it was impending, and on all sides men had taken steps to secure their own advantage. In some cases incumbents and patrons farmed their rights; in others wealthy

* *France and the Confederate Navy, 1862-1868: an International Episode.* By John Bigelow. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

† *To Gibraltar and Back in an Eighteen Tonner.* By "One of the Crew." London: Allen & Co.

* *Somerset Record Society—The Survey and Rental of the Chantries, Colleges, and Free Chapels, Guilds, Fraternities, Lamps, Lights, and Other in the County of Somerset, A.D. 1548.* By Emanuel Green, F.S.A. Printed for subscribers only. 1888.

landowners, like the Duke of Suffolk at Martock and George Milborne at East Pennard, "plucked down" a chapel or withheld the salary of a priest. When the Survey was made some parishes petitioned for grants for secular purposes; at Langport the portreeve and commonalty asked for license to appropriate the stipends of two priests to the maintenance of their "great bridge with XXX arches," and at Yatton the inhabitants petitioned to be allowed to buy a chapel standing in their churchyard, "to make therewith a sluise against the rage of the See, for the safeguard of the countrye." From Taunton and Bruton requests were sent up that the Grammar Schools, which had been founded not long before in those towns, and had already fallen into decay—at Bruton the Crown had seized the lands of the School—might be restored. At Bridgwater—where in former days good provision seems to have been made for education, partly out of the revenues of the Hospital of St. John—the inhabitants made humble petition for the erection of a Free Grammar School. Among many other matters which illustrate one side or another of the social life of the period there is a return from West Coker of twenty acres of land, "thoughte to be gyven to thentent that Curfewe shoulde be nightly ronge within the paryshe churchre ther betwixt daye and nighte . . . to thentent that all travellers by the waye (the same village being a thoroughfare betwene London and Exeter) might thereby cum into their perfect waye, or to the said village of Westcoker." The volume is excellently edited by Mr. E. Green, who has written a useful and unpretentious Introduction and given a full Index. We must, however, demur to his statement that some guilds "were religious, others not so." In every English mediæval guild the religious element was fundamental, and not a mere incident in its life—indeed in another sentence Mr. Green seems to be aware of this, for he observes that "above all other duties [guilds] secured masses and prayers for the souls of their Brethren after death."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

LIEUTENANT DAVIN'S book (1) on the usual Messageries voyage from Marseilles to Cochin China has some differences from the book of travel with which the reviewer is so well (and not so amiably) acquainted. To begin with, it is illustrated with carefully reproduced sketches of scenes and personal types from the author's pencil. Secondly, it is written with, if not a wholly well-informed, yet an intelligent appreciation of what may be called the general facts of the case. After the glowing accounts, now written by the French projector, now by the French fire-eater, that one has read of the late M. Soleillet's establishment of Obok (which was "literally to cut the throat" of Aden and Perim), it is interesting to read a sensible naval officer's sober account of that matter, even though it does refer to a suggestion that we poisoned an Arab chieftain. Indeed, it is rather cheerful to know that in the deplorable ashes of once-Great Britain the wonted, if criminal, fires live. Also, Lieutenant Davin seems to be of opinion that, however historically interesting Pondicherry and the other remnants of French domination in India may be, they are not commercially or politically worth a sou. He is, of course, much more sanguine about the Indo-Chinese peninsula; but here, also, he thinks it quite possible that we may cut his countrymen out in Siam. And we hope we shall.

He would indeed be a curmudgeon who quarrelled with Mr. Curme (2), a Professor of Modern Languages in Cornell College, Iowa, for his enthusiastic admiration of the author of *Le Lac*. When Mr. Curme says that Lamartine is "the Christian Virgil, only greater, and just as pure and refined," when he tells us that "nothing in French literature is in his judgment equal to *Jocelyn* for power and beauty," he tells us a great deal about himself, if not much about Lamartine. He is equally interesting when he mildly expostulates with persons who take a different view. "Why," he says, "did these men write at all?" Well, we can only say, though we hold no brief for them, that they probably wrote because they were critical, which Mr. Curme is not. But we have for our part little objection to the compilation of enthusiastic school books, or even to such a remarkable passage as the following:—

Often the heart flutters and knows not why, as the aspen trembles in the bright sunshine. Often, in the midst of our ambitious endeavors, from some mysterious cause we become aware that we are but an atom limited by time and force in an infinity of time and power. Often when our hopes are cut off like stems from the plant, we cease to exist for a time. Often when the great spirit of God rushes in upon us, our tiny flame seems to flicker as a light in a blast. Often we must look through our tears into the tomb, and thoughts and feelings arise that do not take the form of words. Thus from time to time we are brought face to face with the infinite. The infinite is a great ocean upon whose shores we live and work, and however busy our life, we are at times conscious of its presence. Yague thoughts and feelings come from its hazy mists and fructuate our being. To-day, full of strength and ambition, we smile when we happen to think that a year ago, sitting upon the shore of this mysterious ocean, our souls were very disquiet with foolish forebodings. To-morrow, in awful earnest we shall sit there again.

In the first place, enthusiasm is always amiable; in the second, it is the nature of youth to avoid imitating or attending to its

(1) *Noirs et jaunes*. Par A. Davin. Paris: Perrin.

(2) *Lamartine's Meditations*. Edited by G. O. Curme. Boston (Mass.): Heath.

school books. Besides, Lamartine wrote unexceptionable French and was a poet in his way. He well deserves to be read, and will hardly be read at all if he is not read young.

Dr. Rondelet has already written books of merit on the philosophy of living as it was understood in old and good old times. His present volume (3) takes up quite the text of Rabbi Ben Ezra, "Grow old along with me, The best of life's to be, The last of life for which the first was made." He argues that text, not, indeed, with Mr. Browning's eloquence or his imagination, but with sufficient skill and an excellent intention. Only he does not seem to take sufficient account of the objection, "And the foxes who had lost their tails?" Youth may, if it likes, think old age the best, for it has both to profit by; it is hardly the same with those of us who are on or are coming down "la haute colline où la route dévie."

M. Bonneville de Marsangy (4) must accept our excuses if by oversight we have missed one little point in his book which seems to us of the first importance. He does not tell us, or we have not seen the passage, where the MS. of his Volunteer's Journal is or what is the authority for its genuineness. Failing this information, we feel unable to take great interest in it; for somebody's notion of what a volunteer may have thought or felt at the time is no more interesting than an historical novel with the novel left out. Nor are we consoled by the scrupulous quotations of a large amount of known authorities for the facts.

We have frequently noticed M. Bernard Perez's works on infancy (5), and always with commendation of their minute attention to the subject and the large store of information upon it of which they give evidence. But we have also had to notice, and we have to notice again, two rather serious faults. The first of these is a tendency to generalize dangerously from observation of a set of phenomena which are perhaps exceptionally individual and varying. The second is what seems to us a still more dangerous belief in training, and directing, and cockering, and moulding the personality of children. We are no advocates of letting childhood run wild, but still less do we approve the application of the kind of *ars topiaria* which M. Perez seems to favour.

M. Lyon's work on the English idealists (6) (among whom he includes Johnson) of the eighteenth century is a work of considerable erudition and deserving of much commendation. Rightly deriving the movement which, though sometimes influenced by him, worked against Locke in England, from Descartes and Malebranche, M. Lyon deals to some extent with these masters before attacking his subject. When he comes to it, his handling of Arthur Collier and the too much neglected *Clavis universalis* may be specially praised. On Berkeley he is, we think, a little less satisfactory.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Second Part of Professor Bain's *English Composition and Rhetoric* (London: Longmans) is devoted to the consideration of the "Emotional Qualities of Style." It is, on the whole, good reading. It contains, for one thing, a goodly number of elegant extracts, and, for another, it sets forth a sequence of theories which are (or should be) amusing to everybody, and which (it is to be apprehended) will be found instructive by not a few. Professor Bain (it is felt) does all, and more than all, that is necessary to tell the dull man all about it, and there are occasions when his success is astonishing. In dealing (for instance) with "Erotic Pathos" he wisely remarks that "when the feeling is once aroused to its passionate height, the distress of unreturned affection is correspondingly great." A consequence is that "the Lyric poets are accustomed to express the feelings of the lover by a lament uttered by himself." A notable example is Burns's "Mary Morison," but it is an exception as well as an example, inasmuch as it has come to be "felt" that "Browning's favourite attitude for the rejected lover"—an attitude, that is to say, "of quiet resignation combining deep feeling with continued appreciation" of the young woman's good qualities—is, on the whole, "the worthier mode of outlet." The news is good news, if it be but true. As good, or better, in its way is Professor Bain's analysis of "the defects of the personation"—Falstaff—"as a work of art." For, first of all, he remarks that "the whole delineation labours under a superfluity of grossness and coarseness unless"—the italics are ours—"for the very lowest tastes." And, secondly, he remarks that "Falstaff ought to have had occasional strokes of smart retribution for his wicked conduct." And, thirdly, he remarks that "His (Falstaff's) profusion of language, derived from the wealth of the author's creative genius, could, of course, have been more select and refined," inasmuch as it is "evidently" a "rapid and promiscuous outpouring from his unpremeditated stores," whatever these may be. And, fourthly, he remarks that, "while Falstaff was a coward in real danger, his admirers very properly

(3) *Le livre de la vieillesse*. Par A. Rondelet. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Journal d'un volontaire de '91*. Par L. Bonneville de Marsangy. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *L'art et la poésie chez l'enfant*. Par Bernard Perez. Paris: Alcan.

(6) *L'idéalisme en Angleterre au XVIII^e siècle*. Par G. Lyon. Paris: Alcan.

indicate the courage of his brazen-faced lies, denials, and evasions," and that, though "this has a certain attraction for us," it is not to be disputed that "this pleasure" of ours "should be accompanied with a mild abhorrence of his misdeeds." The humour of all this (by the way, there is no mention of Dickens in any section of the book) is its profound seriousness. Of such is *English Composition and Rhetoric* compacted. The pity is that, being intended for students, it is not likely to be popular, even as a jest-book.

In fiction we have Miss Jewett's *The King of Folly Island; and Other People* (Boston and New York: Houghton & Mifflin), a collection of *nouvelles*, as the *nouvelle* is practised in America, sober in method, intelligent in theory, and very dull and disenchanting in effect. Mr. Armiger Barczinsky's *A Shadowy Partner* (London: Swan Sonnenschein), a "shilling unreadable" of the mildest type, tells how a young man got to know his shadow, and by taking the thing's advice became a renowned author, a successful speculator, and the hero of a trumpety imitation of *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. In Mr. Justin Maguire's *Alastor: an Irish Story of To-day* (London: Simpkin) Mr. Gladstone is described as "the greatest statesman of the age," while of the passing of the heroine—a lady who marries one man and loves another—it is noted that "Her sin was expiated, the Avenger's work complete, and the moon bent down from her star-girt throne and kissed into a beauty it had never possessed in life the pallid awestruck face." As for "Rita's" new book, *The Seventh Dream* (London: White), it is only to be described as a sentimental nightmare of the next world, and a travesty of this one. The style is inflated, the aim mysterious, the plot not quite intelligible, the invention vague, the effect not memorable; and that is all.

Under the title *Elfin Music* Mr. Arthur Waite has edited for the "Canterbury Poets" (London: Walter Scott) a pleasant anthology of fairy poetry. His specimens, which are selected from such masters as Shakespeare, Herrick, Keats, Drayton, Scott, Richard Corbet, and Spenser—to say nothing of Hood, Horne, Messrs. Allingham, Bailey, Clarence Stedman, Graham Tomson, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mary Robinson, and others—is excellent. His "Introduction"—though it starts from the absurd assumption that we are just now being confronted with "the initial signs of a revival of that romantic or supernatural element which is the first characteristic of primitive song-craft in every nation," and that this particular revival, or this peculiar element (it is not certain which), is, "by a select section of discriminating literary critics," being "welcomed as the salvation of modern poetry"—is intelligent and readable. Mr. Galton's *English Prose from Mavendile to Thackeray* (London: Walter Scott) is chiefly remarkable for the editor's theory that "to begin a volume of selections . . . with the invention of printing is ignoble," and for being, in spite of this divagation, quite a good shillingsworth after its kind.

The *Poems* of Miss Rose Terry Cooke (London: Trübner) are numerous (in one sense of the word) enough to fill a portly volume; also they are dedicated to a Being (presumably of the sterner sex) who is described as "stately and fair and sweet"; also they are reprinted from various American magazines; also they are simple, fluent, unsophisticated, heartfelt, readable—everything but memorable. Mr. J. T. Lucas's *Thoughts in Verse* (London: Frederick Warne) are seriously intended; the sentiment is religious, the cadences are old, the intention is excellent; they are dedicated "To my Children," and they might well have reached their destination in manuscript. Mr. Ellerton's *Hymns Original and Translated* (London: Skeffington) are not remarkable for fervour, either of thought or of expression; they suggest *The Christian Year*, and prove that Keble is not a dead and gone influence; in a word, they are respectable—the sort of thing that should be popular where Newton and Cowper and Wesley are not.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of the first series of Mr. J. Edgar Foster's *St. James's Hall Lectures* (London: Simpkin), which are only to be described as gabble, and not good gabble either; M. Hector France's *John Bull's Army* (London: Whittaker), which has achieved, in translation, the honours of a second edition; the new issue of the "Pocket Edition" of Lord Lytton's novels, containing *Leila* and *The Coming Race*; the eighth volume of a new edition of the Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson (London: Macmillan), with a reproduction after Woolner, and reprints of *Becket*, *The Cup*, *The Falcon*, and *The Promise of May*; a cheap edition of Mr. Saintsbury's *Dryden*, in the "English Men of Letters" series (London: Macmillan); and a hideously yet ridiculously illustrated edition of *The Cottar's Saturday Night* (London: Nisbet).

The author of the *Foreign Commercial Correspondent* (Crosby Lockwood & Son.) noticed last week (*Saturday Review*, p. 192) is Mr. Conrad E. Baker, not "Buller," as there incorrectly printed.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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